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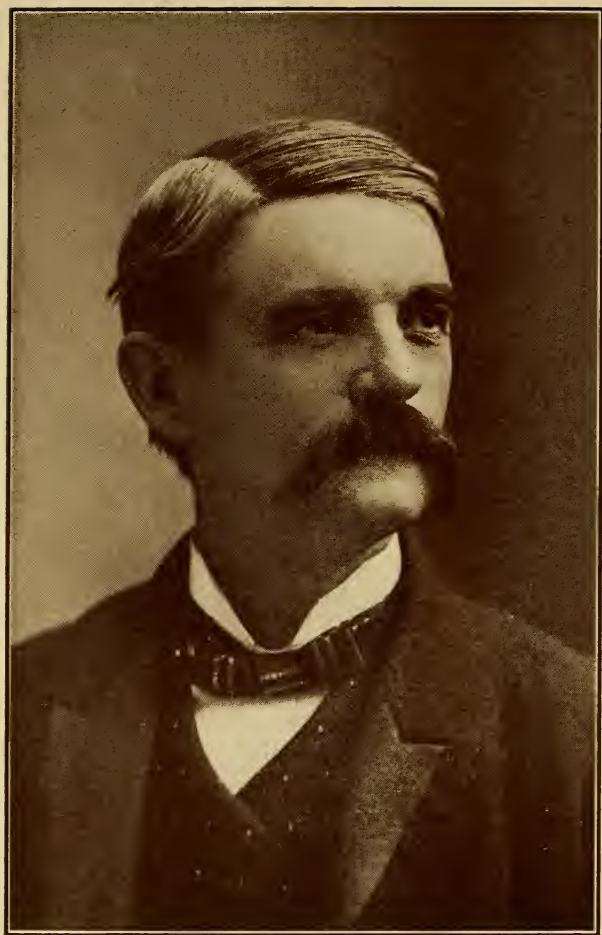
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Sam. P. Jones.

POPULAR LECTURES

OF

SAM P. JONES



Edited by

WALT HOLCOMB



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INTRODUCTORY

IN response to requests from different parts of the country, we have gathered together The Popular Lectures of the late Reverend Sam P. Jones. These were delivered from almost every lyceum and Chautauqua platform throughout the United States and Canada.

Some of these lectures were dictated by Mr. Jones just before his death, others were reported by competent stenographers; all have been carefully edited and arranged, and preserve the style in which they were spoken.

Believing that these lectures will prove the most popular of his many helpful messages, we send them forth with a prayer that they may make the world brighter and better.

Very sincerely yours,

WALT HOLCOMB,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

POPULAR LECTURES OF SAM P. JONES

I

A MEDLEY OF PHILOSOPHY, FACTS, AND FUN

PHILOSOPHY furnishes to us the rules by which we do the best possible thing, in the best possible way, at the best possible time. The man who knows just what to do, and when to do, and then how to do the best thing to be done, is a philosopher! Of course, that sort of a fellow would feel lonesome in a crowd. That was a description of a philosopher.

And then when we come to think about facts, they are the most tremendous, far-reaching things in all the world. A fact is a very different thing from a theory. Now, in my younger days I had my theories, and championed my theories, and was ready to die by them. Really, when I was twenty-one years of age I was very intelligent. I

looked upon Daniel Webster as an idiot; and if Solomon had come along I would have put him in the asylum. But I am just getting old enough now to see what a fool I was. Why, a fellow oughtn't to be allowed to go about by himself until he is thirty years old; a WOMAN, Never.

I have been a young fool, I am free to admit that; I have been a middle-aged fool, and I am sorry about that, and I am praying so earnestly now that the Lord will just keep me from being an old fool. You see that is the last wag of the hammer. You take an old widower, for instance. I was sitting in a car some time ago, and an old widower walked in. I suppose he was eighty years old, his nose and chin nearly met. He took a seat near me and began to brag of his health. He said he hadn't felt better in forty years, and he said, "They tease me about marrying again, and I don't know but that I will." I suspect the old rascal had rubbed every joint of his limbs with Wizard Oil before he could get out of bed that morning.

I am growing older; I am a sort of patriarch now, I have had my silver wedding, and that was a big time at our house. That was the night they got the swallow-tail

coat on me, and they laughed at me. I told them I had never had one on before, and I got that on mostly behind. I shook hands with myself seven times that night. That was a big occasion. I have grandchildren playing about my home, and the time has come with me, if ever, when I ought to begin to stay by the facts. Theories furnish the basis for a young fellow to operate upon. But wisdom and age stay by the facts. I used to love to sit down and read articles on agriculture, but I wouldn't give ten cents a dozen for them to-day. Now I love to walk with a good old farmer through his magnificent, growing crops, look at his fat cattle, hogs, and horses, and see his full granaries and cribs. There is something charming about that to me.

I do not want a preacher now, to stand up and talk theology and ecclesiasticism to me. I always did despise theology and botany, but I do love religion and flowers. There is something about them that is fragrant and wholesome. I do not want a doctor now, to talk hygiene, anatomy, and physiology to me. Let him take me out to the cemetery, and show me what he has done. It is the practical fellow; it is the fellow who has done something. That is my style of man.

I have reached the point in my life now, where I wouldn't give one well-substantiated fact for all the theories in this world.

I can argue down a fellow's theories, and clean up his rhetoric, but when I meet a fact, I go to sitting up with it, and my children will have to sit up with it after I am gone. You can't get over a fact, nor around it, nor under it, nor through it. You have to pitch your tent and camp when you meet a fact; and the biggest fool in the United States, and that is saying a heap, is the fellow who will stand up and argue against a fact. Of course, most of you fellows will not do it, but I am speaking to those who will.

I was talking out West, some time ago, and I said: "Prosperity has come again. The clearing-house receipts, the railroad earnings, the marts of trade, and the wheels of commerce roll higher than at any time in the history of America. Prosperity has come again!" A good old Silver Loon, in the audience, stood up and said, "It hain't hit me yit," and I said, "Neighbor, it's mighty hard to hit nothing."

He was a fellow who would argue against a fact. And if you Free-silver men, who listen to me now, if you will look back a

few years ago, and see how you were tearing your shirts, and talking yourselves hoarse on Free silver, if you don't feel like a fool, now, you don't feel natural, that's all.

I may stop long enough here to illustrate what I mean by theories and facts; for instance, in the church world, we Methodists and Baptists differ on our theories of baptism. The Methodist theory is to pour the water on the kid when it is little, and the Baptist theory is to wait 'till he is about grown, and then souse him clear under. Those are the two theories, practically stated. Let us go behind these theories and look at some facts. I know a fellow who was baptised in infancy by a Methodist preacher, and he poured the water on him. He grew up, joined the Methodist church, and he is one of the best men to-day that I have ever seen. I know another fellow who professed conversion after he was grown, joined the Baptist church, and the Baptist preacher immersed him. That same fellow is one of the best men who walk the American continent.

I know another fellow who was baptised in infancy by a Methodist preacher, who poured the water on him. He grew up and joined the Methodist church, and he is in

the penitentiary now, serving out his sentence. I know another fellow who professed conversion after he was grown, joined the Baptist church, and the Baptist preacher immersed him clear under; they hung him! Absolutely hung him.

I never ask a fellow what church he belongs to; I ask him, are you a good husband to your wife, a good father to your children, and a good citizen in your community; do you pay your debts, tell the truth, and live right? If he says "Yes," I say, "Give me your hand." If he says "No," I say, "Fix for my foot." I give one of them the right-hand of fellowship, and the other the right-hand of footship. I think that is the best practical settlement of the whole question.

Fun is the next best thing to religion. The best thing in this old sin-cursed earth is good old-fashioned Bible religion. Of course, you people here know nothing about it, but there is such a thing in the world as good old-fashioned religion. But we are relegating that to the rear. Theosophy, Occultism, Christian Science, and Spiritualism are catching people by the thousand, and you good people are following after these things. The devil will get the most of you, but thank God, he won't get much. That is one

consolation. Christian Science starts out with a monumental lie: "No such thing as pain!" I know that's a lie, for I have sat up with it all night. "If you have the toothache, and will get the thought that you haven't got it, and will hold the thought, then you haven't got it." I suppose then, that if a married man gets the thought that he has no wife and holds the thought, then he is an old bachelor? I suspect some of you wish you were. Like the fellow who said, when he first married, he just felt all the time like he wanted to eat his wife up, but he said, in about a week, "I lost my appetite."

I repeat it, Christian Science catches them by the thousand, but they are mostly women. Anything will catch a woman. If you are a Christian Scientist that is no sign that you are not good; but your trouble is above your eyes. There is one consolation in being a Christian Scientist; if you ever get in the water over your head you need not be scared, for your head will swim all right. Just lift your handkerchief for a sail, and you will come in with the first favourable breeze. And Spiritualism is catching them by the thousand. Like the spiritualist orator, who had his great crowd be-

fore him, and who was carrying them by storm. Directly he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I announce the most marvellous phenomenon in the spiritual world. When you live and dwell in spiritualism, everything becomes real, and you can handle a ghost like you can handle a man." At that time a little, red-haired, squint-eyed man down in the audience said "Amen." The orator said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is a witness to this wonderful phenomenon. Come right up here and bear testimony." The fellow came up to the stand. "Now," said the orator, "give them the facts on this proposition." "What is your proposition?" "That when you live and dwell in spiritualism, everything becomes real, and you can handle a ghost just like you can handle a man." "Oh, the devil," said the man, "I thought you said a GOAT."

Whenever you tackle spiritualism, there is a goat in there, and he is after you, too. You can all run after new tricks and new isms, if you care to; but here is one fellow that's going to stay by the God of his fathers, and the church of his mother. I am not going to run after your new tricks, I won't do it. And I repeat it, the best thing on earth is good old-fashioned Bible reli-

gion; and just as we drift away from that, we are drifting downward, and hellward.

Anybody with a heart in him loves fun. A man who does not love fun is abnormal. He isn't all right; there is a part of him missing.

Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, they are benefactors of the world. We have realised long ago that Job told an universal truth when he said, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Every human heart in this world is loaded, and every laugh of your life is a leverage under a burden, lifting it up and giving you a moment of surcease and rest. We need to laugh more.

Anybody with a soul loves to laugh. That is one reason why I despise "sassiety," so called; the most heartless creature in God's world is a full-fledged society woman. I have met a few of them, been introduced to them, and they would push out a little, old, straight-kid-gloved hand at me, and I would shake the thing, and I would just as soon shake the tail of a dead fish. No heart, no life, and no warmth. A society woman looks upon the introduction of a baby in the home as a nuisance, and a big family of children as a thing to be despised. I keep telling you

when God Almighty gives a man a good wife and ten or fifteen children, He has done a heap for that fellow. When the devil gives him a society woman and a poodle dog, he just threw off on him.

I repeat it, anybody with a heart loves fun, but these foolish, flippant, society people:—if I had married a society woman and gone home some day and didn't see her around, I wouldn't ask, "Where is my wife?" I would just ask, "Where is it?" Frill and flounce and dance. I have no objection to dancing for some people. I rather advocate it. If I had a daughter that wore a number four hat and a number seven shoe, I would send her to a dancing school, and train the big end of the thing. But if I had a bright, sweet, intelligent girl, I would as deliberately take her up in my arms and toss her into perdition as I would pick her up and project her into the average ballroom life of this country.

Fun, nothing like it in all the world! That is one reason why I like the Irish. They are full of fun, and I thank God that I have a streak of Irish blood in me, and I thank God that there isn't any more than there is. Pat will get fun out of anything. Some temperance people were talking on the

street. Pat came up and said, "Gintlemen, ye kin talk agin likker and abuse likker, but it's the best eyesight medicine I iver seed and tried yit. There's me brother Moike, born blind, and niver seed a thing; he jist drank whiskey a week, and the divel may kill me, if he didn't see snakes all over the house. And nothin' iver helped his eyesight but whiskey." There is many a poor fellow in America treating his eyes with it. I suspect this country uses more eyesight medicine, of that kind, than almost any country in the world.

You can't cure them from drinking, either. They won't be cured. They won't take the medicine. Like the old darkey that went to a doctor. He said, "I have come to you about my mule; he is sick, and is going to die, it looks like, and I can't get another. Doctor, can't you give me something for my mule?" The doctor said, "Yes, I'll help you, Uncle, in your trouble; here is some calomel. Go home and put this calomel in a big cane joint, and put the joint in the mule's mouth, and blow. He will take it up, and I think it will help him." "Yes, Boss, I'se gwine follow your directions." He went home, and the next day he sent for the doctor. The doctor came and the old darkey

was piled up in bed, nearly dead. The doctor said, "I thought it was your mule that was sick, and here you are in bed." "Hit shorely was de mule, doctor, but hit's me now." "What's the matter with you?" "Hit was dat calomel, doctor." "You fool, I told you to give it to the mule." "Well, I did try to, doctor, but you see hit was disser way, dat ar mule blowed fust."

Whenever you go to treating an American for drinking, he will blow first on you every time.

Fun, nothing like it in all the world. Pat loved fun in any stage in life. The doctor had just told him that he would pass away before night. He was very low, and after the doctor left, he called his faithful wife to the side of his bed, and said, "Bridget, I want you to make me a promise. I want you upon your soul never to go back on that promise." She said, "What is it?" "I want you to promise me that when I am dead, you will see, with your own eyes, that I am buried right under the Jewish Synagogue." Bridget said, "You are losing your mind, now." "My mind was never better," said Pat. "Well," she said, "what on earth do you want to be buried under a Jewish Synagogue for?" "Begorry, that's the last

place that the devil would ever look for an Irishman.”

Fat people like fun. Fat people are the best-natured people in the world if you will feed them. Like the big, fat, old sister, who sat down in the dentist's chair, filled it up and run it over. The dentist looked at her and said, “You seem to be cheerful, madam.” “I was always cheerful, and I like folks who are cheerful, whether they are chairfull, or not.”

Like the big, old, fat sister, who came into the train, when it stopped at a station; she looked like a Muscovy duck. She waltzed up and down the aisle; every seat was taken, and the thing got to be painful. Directly Pat arose on the scene and said, “Gintlemen, begorry, I will be one of any two of ye who will git up and give the lady a seat.”

Fun, nothing like it. “Now, we are to get a ‘medley,’” as the old woman said. Medley means mixture, and we will mix it in due proportions, not asking any of you to agree with me on any proposition. When a majority of this country agrees with me I am going to change my views. I know that I am wrong then. If a fellow will agree with the majority of people, and stick

with them until he dies, if he don't go to hell it will be because the shebang burned out before he got there. That is no joke.

I never ask a crowd to agree with me; I just ask them, "Did you understand me?" I make everything so plain that if a fellow don't understand me, he is all right anyhow, because God has made especial provision for idiots and children. You will get in with that bunch.

Now I want to say that every phase of American life seems to have turned its back upon the great facts of God's world, and is chasing false theories around in every phase of life. You step into the political world, and a man ought never to mention politics without an apology. It isn't politics now, it is just plain ticks. Just something to hang on and fill up. You may catch all your old politicians and run them into a great plate-glass place, and shut them up, and the devil will come along in the morning and peep in on them, and walk off shaking his head. He will say, "That is ahead of anything I have got. I have nothing that will keep up with that bunch."

I really believe there is where the biggest difference is. You take the two last national campaigns; they were projected and

run on false theories. The Republican Party came along one day and told us that the maintenance of our honor, and the perpetuity of our institutions, depended upon the single gold standard. Bryan came along and told the dear people that the monumental crime of 1873 was to demonetise silver, and precipitate a panic in our country, and that there would never be prosperity until we got the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at sixteen to one; and both of them were lying like a trotting dog. But I say to you, in the fear of God, that the peace and prosperity in this country do not depend upon the single gold standard, nor the free and unlimited coinage of silver, but they depend alone upon the honesty, integrity, uprightness, sobriety, and industry of this great American people, and nothing else that the sun shines upon.

I am sorry for the Democrats; you need a guardian. Amid the wild debauchery and crimes of the Republican Party, the Democrats to-day stand back without a leader, and without an issue. My, my, I am sorry for them! I think they ought to join the Christian Scientists. The only man who ever led you to victory since the war between the States, and carried you to victory

twice, has never changed his policies or principles one iota from start to finish; you turn your back on him, and kick him and curse him from Maine to California, and then take after another fellow who has lead you to inglorious defeat twice, and you are still whooping for him. I don't understand it. And you stole the last plank the old Populists had in their platform and left them sitting on the ground. They aint had anything since.

Oh! When the Democratic Party, which is the people's party of this country, when you throw every rotten Populist plank out of your platform, and get back on a Jeffersonian and Old Hickory Jackson platform, and stay there, you will sweep this country for Democracy, and hold your own; but you will never do it until then.

I am sorry for you. You need sympathy.

And I don't want to make any of you old politicians mad, because we can't fight. I wouldn't fight you at all. I am like the 'possum felt toward the skunk. He said he wasn't afraid of the skunk, but he knew if he "fit" it he couldn't go home to his family.

The greatest enemy to American life today, and the very influence that is going to

destroy our free institutions, is the dirty old demagogues of America, in the politics of the country. I have a thousand times more fear of them than I have of every other influence that is preying upon the liberties of America. Old demagogues. Old demijohns. Why, if they were all to die to-night, and the devil were to peep through his keyhole and see them coming, he would shut up shop. Why, if the whole gang got into hell together in a bunch, they would call a caucus, knock the devil in the head, elect their own devil, and run the place to suit themselves.

You don't have any trouble understanding me, do you?

Again; you step into the church world, and it is all agog and awry there. The most painful fact to my mind and heart is the loose grip that the church has upon the God of the universe. How sad that phase is to me! We have been clamouring for fifty years for an educated ministry, and we have got it to-day, and the church is deader than it ever has been in its history. Half of the literary preachers in this town are A.B.'s, Ph.D.'s, D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and A.S.S.'s. And when you find a fellow with a whole alphabet on him, you can turn him out. Half of them will read a sermon from a manuscript, and I

would rather a fellow would pull a pistol on me than a manuscript. What does a preacher want with a manuscript?

Every year down in my town we have our tabernacle meetings. We invite the best preachers on this continent, and they come. One year I invited the pastor of a great church in Cincinnati, and he came, and he spoke on Sunday morning. He pulled out a forty-page manuscript and stood there and read the gospel for a whole hour, and those good country people never saw it done before, and when they adjourned for dinner they got under the trees and talked about the proceedings. They said, "What do you think of that letter from Cincinnati?" And I never see a fellow pull his manuscript now that I don't wonder where that letter is from.

Now what I want is a fellow with sense enough and religion enough to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ with a warm heart and an honest mind to a lost and ruined world; and I never saw a fellow in my life who was converted under a read sermon; and if I had been I wouldn't tell it. I would hate to admit that I was that soft a fellow to have been converted that way.

Then you dear old brethren in the church,

you are not doing your duty. You will pack your preacher in an icebox and cuss all the year because he don't sweat. He can't get up a sweat. It's too cold. I am sorry for the preachers. They are doing the best they can with the gang they've got. You dear old deacons and stewards, you just sit around there and don't give him the proper encouragement. When you wake up, and get up, the seats of your pants look like the map of the United States. Just trusting in the Lord all the time! It reminds me of the two old negro preachers coming down the road, one to help the other in a protracted meeting. Presently Brother Green said, "Brother Chauncy, I will tell how I is dese latter days; I have got so now dat I don't do anything; I jus' trust in de Lord all de time, laying down on dem promises." Brother Chauncy said, "I'll tell you how I is; I does de bes' I kin fer myself fust, den I lays down on de Lord, and trusts in dem promises." About that time a mad bull came down the road with mud on his horn and business in his eyes, and he was making for the two darkies. One took to the woods on this side of the road, and the other took to the woods on that side. About a mile up the road the old negroes came together again

in the road, both puffing and blowing. Brother Chauncy said, "Look heah, Brother Green, you 'lowed you didn't do nuffin' fo yo'self, but dat you trusts in de Lord always, but I noticed dat when dat animal come down de road, you took to your heels jes lak I did. How you gwine to 'splain dat in your theology?" Brother Chauncy replied, "Brother Green, I'se gwine tell you how dat is. I don't think dar was any ob dem wild animals loose when de Lord made dem promises."

Just trusting in the Lord. You hear me. Whenever we put our faith into practice, whenever we do like we believe, it is just a question of time until we will win the world to God. You can do it. You can't substitute rhetoric and logic and belles-lettres and beautiful sermons for the Power from On High. And some pastors are leading the way wrong by preaching occultism, socialism, and a thousand other isms.

I was at a big Chautauqua a year or more ago, and I was to lecture in the afternoon, and their purpose was to go from the sublime to the ridiculous, so they put up a great D.D.—dudle digger—to speak in the morning. You know what a dudle digger is? He is a fellow nearly out of a job. And that

old D.D.; his lecture was on sociology. My, what a lecture! Learned? He told us all the ologies, biology, geology, and zoology, and how he did capture that crowd. This was his peroration: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, in view of these facts of biology and geology and sociology, the man that believes that God created this world just six thousand years ago, and that on the finishing day of creation he picked up a little piece of mud and blew on it and a living perfect man walked off and stumbled over an apple and fell in a barrel of whiskey and is reeling off to hell,—a man who will believe that now will believe anything. Why, rather I believe that the world has existed for millions of years, and God created man away down among the lower animals and he has come up higher and higher and higher, and some day he will reach the stature of a full man." He bowed himself off the platform, and the people whooped and hollered. He walked down, took my arm, and walked off with me, and I said, "Hello, Bud, you dug up more snakes to-day than you can kill the balance of your life. It is a sin and a shame for a minister of God to dig up snakes and throw them on the crowd, for you can easily unsettle the beliefs of the weak these days,

but it is mighty hard to settle them back again." "Well," he said, "Jones, I think there is less harm in the promulgation of truth than in the suppression of truth." "Yes, but," I said, "you don't know but that everything you stated was a lie. Now," said I, "will you, the next time you deliver your great sermon on sociology, will you slip in a parenthesis for me?" He promised that he would, and then I said, "Tell the people I heard your lecture and that I didn't like it. I don't like a joke on God; and tell your neighbors that I didn't know the modus operandi of creation, whether God on the finishing day picked up a piece of mud and blew upon it and a living, perfect man walked away and stumbled over an apple and fell into a barrel of whiskey and then into hell; I don't know what that means; but I do know, for I was right on the spot when the thing happened, that the Good God did come down to Cartersville, Ga., nearly thirty years ago and picked up the dirtiest piece of mud in the town, called Sam Jones, and blew upon it, and a living man for God and right has been walking forth from that day to this." And I believe the breath of the Almighty is omnipotent!

But to hurry through. The finest girl is

the young lady who makes her mother her sweetheart, and who loves her mother more than she does all this world. I know what I am talking about. I married a Kentucky girl, and thank God, she was a "mammy girl." I never saw such devotion in my life as I have witnessed on the part of my good wife toward her sweet old mother. The last many years of her life she came from her Kentucky country home and spent the winter with us. And oh, such devotion! I was preaching in a great camp-meeting in Baltimore, and got a telegram from my wife at Cartersville, saying, "I take the train this morning for mother's home, she is quite ill, I will keep you posted." By wire the messages came every day, and the fourth day she wired, "Come, I don't think mother can live." I took the first train, and when I got off at Eminence, and got into the buggy and drove to the country home, I jumped out of the buggy, and wife met me on the front porch, and I scarcely recognised her. I never saw such a change in human looks. She threw her arms about me and said, "Mother is gone, but she did want to see you and talk with you so bad." It was nearly six months before I dared hope that my wife would ever get over the stroke

caused by the death of her mother, who was eighty-six years of age, and wife was nearly fifty-one. You give me the girl that will stay by her mammy; and boys, when you find that sort of a girl, you drive your ducks up to that market and sell them. And if you can not sell them give them away,—that's the thing to do right there. The girl that will stay by her mammy is worth her weight in gold.

Again! The finest boy is the boy, twenty-one years old, who can stand on the threshold of manhood, and look back to his cradle and say, "Thank God, from the cradle to manhood, I have never put a cruel foot on the heart of my sweet mother, a single time." That's the finest young man you have got. Boys, hear me! I step into the inner circle of my home, with its secrets of life, and tell you this: I would sit by the mother of my two boys, when they were off at school,—and that is the most dangerous period with American boys. I would get home from a long trip, and after supper, and the evening prayers, and the girls retired, wife and I alone, she would pull down the letters she had gotten from her boys, and read me one and another and another, with interludes of what I thought of this letter

and of the next, and so on. That night she talked so long and late, she melted my whole nature. I said, "I am going to watch and wait, and catch the last word that this mother says to-night." And that night, just before she closed her eyes in sleep, she turned her face toward me and said, "Husband, do you reckon it goes well with my boys to-night? My precious boys!" When her heavy breathing told me that she had gone to sleep, I said, "I am going to watch and catch the first words of this mother in the morning." And the morning came with the light peering through the blinds; she opened her eyes, and turned her face and said, "Husband, I dreamed all night about my boys, I wonder if it goes well with my boys." Can a boy run over a heart like that and make a man? You can't do it. God has got it fixed so that you can't.

I have never known a boy nor a girl who loved and honored a mother that they did not come to the highest destiny of human beings: I have never known a girl or a boy yet to turn a back on a good mother, and trample her heart under their feet, that didn't come to grief. God help you, young man, to stay by your mother. She is the best friend you will ever have. I am going

to throw this little picture out; take it home with you, boys, young ladies; it is not poetry, nor is it a dream.

One calm, bright, sweet, sunshiny day, an angel stole out of heaven, and came down to this old world, and roamed field and forest, city and hamlet; and just as the sun went down he plumed his wings and said: "Now my visit is out, and I must go back to the world of light, but before I go I must gather some mementos of my visit here"; and he looked over into a beautiful flower garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant these flowers are," and he plucked the rarest roses, and made a bouquet, and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these; I will take them with me." But he looked a little further and there saw a little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked babe, smiling up into its mother's face, and he said, "Oh, that baby's smile is prettier than this bouquet; I will take that, too." Then he looked just beyond the cradle, and there was a mother's love pouring out like the gush of a river, toward the cradle and the baby, and he said, "Oh, that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen on earth; I will carry that, too!" With the three treasures he winged his way to the pearly gates, and lit just on the

outside, and said, "Before I go in I will examine my mementos," and he looked at the flowers, and they had withered; he looked at the baby's smile, and it had faded away; he looked at the mother's love, and there it was in all its pristine beauty and fragrance. He threw aside the withered flowers and the faded smile, and winged his way through the gates and led all the hosts of heaven together and said, "Here is the only thing I found on earth that would keep its fragrance all the way to heaven,—A Mother's Love."

II

THE WORLD AS IT IS AND THE WORLD AS IT OUGHT TO BE

Frank Stanton, the Georgia poet, says:

“This old world we’re living in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain’t the roses sweet?”

THIS is a great world in which you and I live, brother. There may be larger worlds, and grander and better worlds than this; but this is a great world. Its mountains are God’s thoughts piled up; its prairies God’s thoughts spread out; its rivers God’s thoughts in motion; its flowers God’s thoughts in bloom; its harvests God’s thoughts in bread; its dew drops God’s thoughts in pearls; and, wherever we look about us, every object smiles back upon us, and says, “I am but the gift of a gracious Father to his wayward children.”

This is not only a great world, but the people in this world are very badly spoiled

people. Nothing pleases them. There is nothing the world to-day reminds me so much of as a big family of spoiled children. See that old banker, president of a ten million dollar bank? At three o'clock in the afternoon he steps into his landau and drives off down the street. He stops in front of a beautiful candy and fruit store, and orders some of the rarest candies and fruits for his home. By and by, sitting in his palatial home, he sees the delivery wagon driving up, and he turns to his children, and says, "Children, if you will go to the pantry, I expect you will find something to your liking. I have ordered you some nice things." Only two of the children walk out of the room. Directly one of them comes back with candy in one hand and fruit in the other and says, "Papa, what do you get this old stuff for? Nobody wants it." That kid needs killing. But see that old country brother drive into town with his wagon, with chickens and eggs to barter for the necessities of his home. When he is about through trading, there is still about ten cents due him, and he returns to the merchant and says, "Wrap me up a pound of that red stick candy." The candy goes in with the other bundles. He drives up in front of his home, and when he gets

near the house, a half dozen little tow-headed children run out and say, "Papa, what did you bring us?" He unwraps the bundle of candy, and gives each little fellow a stick. They go out under a shade tree, sit down on the greensward, look at each other, and say, "We've got the best papa in this world. Just look what he has brought us." Those children ought to grow up, and multiply and replenish the earth. They are grateful.

We have reached a point in this country where we are satisfied with nothing. A man who gets a million wants another million. If he gets ten millions then he wants to be as rich as Rockefeller. And then he wants the whole world fenced in and fixed up for him. What if a man is as rich as Rockefeller? What is that compared with the State of New York. And suppose a man owned the whole State of New York, what is that compared with the balance of America? And suppose one man owned the whole United States, what is that compared with the balance of the world? And suppose a man owned this whole world? Why, you could put two such worlds in your pocket, and go out to the dog star and stay all night, and you wouldn't have enough to pay your

hotel bill. This whole thing is comparative. The more we get of anything the more we want. Out in Utah a man wants every woman in the country for a wife. Some men can't get along with one, and I never could understand how they could get along with two, much less four, or a dozen. The more you get the more you want.

But happiness in this life is found in abstinence. Happiness in this life is found in absolute temperance, in everything. Happy is the man that don't want much. Happy is the man who is blessed with but little. Every man wants but little here below, and he don't want that very long. I am very well pleased with this world! It is really the best world in which I have ever lived. And this world is a thousand times better to me than I have been to it; I have no kick or complaint. I don't kick any way. I am like the fellow that got both legs cut off by the train. They gathered around, and began condoling with him. He looked up and said, "Gentlemen, I am not kicking."

I not only have a thousand great blessings to be thankful for, but I have a great many things, in a negative sense, to be thankful for. I thank God I am not bow-legged. The

hardest thing in the world to do is to marry off a bow-legged man. The town girl won't have him because she can't sit in his lap. The country girl won't have him because he can't keep off the grass. I am glad I was not born bow-legged. I am glad I am not cross-eyed. Two cross-eyed fellows met one another round the corner, and they had a head-end collision. One bounced back and said, "Why don't you look where you are going?" The other said, "Why don't you go where you are looking?" I thank God I have never licked anybody; that I never stole anything; that I never committed a crime for which I was arrested; and yet, other men, perhaps, as good as myself, in temptation, have done those things. And when we sit down and think over not only the blessings we have received, but the many things the grace of God has kept us out of, we ought to go through this world with a smile of gratitude on our faces, at every step.

A fellow had two neighbours. One of them was always growling. He met him one morning, and said to him, "How are you?" He replied, "Not so well to-day as yesterday; and not near as well yesterday as the day before. And if I don't die of disease

pretty soon, I will starve to death." And he said he hurried away from that fellow, and went round the corner and met another neighbour, and said to him, "How are you this morning?" "Ha, ha, never better." "Is your family well?" "Ha, ha, well! The measles struck us ten days ago, and nine of the children are down with the measles, and it would make a dog laugh to watch my wife out among the speckled children. It is the funniest thing I ever saw."

Once I got hard up and went down and sold the best suit I had to get bread, and I had my shoes half soled, and that night some fellow stole my shoes, and the next morning the snow was ten inches deep, and I got up and looked out of the window, and saw a man on a wagon with no feet, and I said, "I would rather have feet and no shoes than shoes with no feet." I like the fellow that goes along without growling. This world is an ungrateful world. If there is anything we ought to cultivate to make this world what it ought to be, it is the spirit of gratitude. There is no more commendable spirit in this world than the spirit which thanks God and thanks his fellowmen for the many thousand kindnesses shown him along the way.

Another thing; this world is not what it ought to be, in its financial intercourse. It seems like now every fellow without scruple is after the dollar. The way to hide any deviltry in this world is to cover it over with dollars and cents, and then you can't see any wrong. When times began to tighten up in 1893 plenty of good fellows wanted me to stand for them at the bank. I stood for them. I did not know what it meant, but shucks, I know now. I will venture the assertion that I have paid out forty thousand dollars in the last five years, standing for fellows, and now when a fellow comes to me and wants me to stand for him, I say, "Shucks, I am lying down myself; I don't stand for anything." The biggest fool in the country is the fellow who will sign his name to another fellow's notes. You bankers don't act right. If a fellow comes to you, and wants to borrow money, you tell him if he will go and get so and so on his note, you will let him have the money. Why don't you get on the note yourself? You get the interest.

The biggest fool in the United States to-day is the fellow that dulls his conscience with dollars and cents. This world is in debt. The national, state, the municipal,

and individual debt of this country never will be paid. They don't calculate to pay it. They pay the interest until they can not pay it longer, and then they go into bankruptcy, and reorganise; and it is an absolute impossibility for the world to pay its debts; and there ought never to have been a debt incurred. The biggest fool in this country is the man who will go on another fellow's notes. The next biggest fool is the fellow going into debt. It is our imaginary wants which keep us in debt.

Then you step into the church world; and the thing is not moving along like it ought to. We will all admit that. You can abuse the churches and laugh at the preachers, but I want to tell you I have watched the procession move until I know this is true; the best men and women living on this earth, those who are really the salt of the earth, are the faithful men and women who believe the word of God and march to the tune of his grace in the church every day. Suppose you go to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, and New York, and to every city in the Union, and turn the community over to the gang—uninterrupted, unmolested, and uninfluenced by the good people of the community. It would not be very long before

these communities would go to the very bottom of anarchy and ruin. You know I thank God for every churchman in my town. There are some trifling members, but I am talking about the good members. The devil has worried me a heap about the trifling members in the church. One day I was sitting quietly at home talking to my wife. I said, "Wife, I have learned a new trick on the devil." She said, "What is it?" I said, "He has worried me almost to death. He trots out an old hypocrite and says to me, 'What do you think of him?' When he does it, I propose to trot out old Brother Loveless here in town. One of the best old men God ever made, and ask the devil what he thinks of him. And the devil will have to walk off." Whenever the devil trots out a hypocrite, you trot out a first-class man, and the devil." She said, "What is it?" I said, else at once. And if you have not got one, import one. The women are the best part of the church, but the good women spend more for Easter bonnets, and rigging every spring than they give to God throughout the year. They will dress up and rig out in all their Easter style, and go to church, take a front seat, and sing,

“ Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there’s a cross for every one,
 And an Easter bonnet for me.”

How are you going to save the world with a gang like that? You can’t do it. And you, dear old brother, you will sing,

“ Am I a soldier of the cross?”

You are no soldier, you are just home guards. You are like the soldier in the midst of the fight, who threw down his gun and ran. His colonel said, “ What are you running for?” “ Because I can’t fly.”

Some years ago we were holding a kind of a love feast in a city church in Atlanta, Ga. I was talking on the church as an organised force for God and right. I said, Suppose the church of God was organised like a locomotive. A locomotive engine is like a pile of organised iron; that pile of scrap iron out there on the ground is unorganised iron. That iron, if you want to move it, you must pick it up on the trucks, roll it into a car, and hitch an engine to the car. See that organised iron. That steam gauge as its finger indicates one hundred and eighty pounds pressure. Touch the throttle and see that pile of organised iron go down the

track a mile a minute, pulling its freighted tons. The church is the organised force of God. I said to the congregation, "Each of you get up and say what part of the engine of God's power you would rather be." One got up and said, "I would like to be the driving wheels of God's engine. That is the secret of her speed. They are under the cylinder where the power is locked up."

Another said, "I would like to be the cow-catcher, and run ahead, and keep the track clear."

Another said, "I would like to be the whistle, and sound the praises of God all over the land."

I said to him, "We have got too many whistles now. We don't want any more whistles. The church reminds me of a steamboat with the little engine about four feet long, and every time the whistle blows the boat stopped. When they would blow the whistle the boat could not run, and when it ran, they could not blow."

Another said, "Brother Jones, I would like to be the throttle lever, so that when God put his hand on me, things would move."

And by and by a young fellow, about twenty-six years old, who was a clothing

merchant in Atlanta, and one of God's noblemen, got up, and I knew when he stood up he was going to say something. A royal, splendid fellow. I suppose he was worth twenty thousand dollars. The only trouble with him was his stinginess. He was worth twenty thousand dollars, and would not give but fifteen hundred dollars a year to the church. That was all they could get out of him. And he was worth twenty thousand dollars! The stingy rascal! I knew he was going to say something. That spring the pastor was taking up a collection, the big, old, rich fellows gave thirty and forty and fifty dollars, and he stood up and said, "I made a donation for Foreign Missions last fall, and I will give five hundred dollars this spring to help the cause." He was a good one—all excepting his stinginess. He said, "Brother Jones, let these other brethren be cow-catchers, and throttle levers, and driving wheels, and whistles. I am willing to be the black coal which is pitched into the furnace, and which is burned up, and which makes the steam to carry on the work."

We have run out of coal. You good old sisters, you kneel down and say, "Oh, Lord, send the fire," and if God would drop a

coal of fire on you as big as your finger, you would say, "Ouch, I can't stand it!"

We are making war on saloons. Of course the preachers preach a temperance sermon every year, and this is about the substance of it, "Brethren, wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." You can't run the devil out of town with a thing like that. You ought to be loaded up to the muzzle and shell the woods. The day has come for the practical Gospel sermon, and not so much theory. There is a tremendous difference between the absorption of truth, and the application of truth. A fellow has the cramp colic and is tied up in a double bow knot. By and by an old dignified doctor comes in with a can of mustard in one hand, and a dissertation on mustard in the other. He walks up to the bed, and says, "My friend, be quiet about an hour and a half, and let me read you a dissertation on mustard; this mustard grew in the State of Connecticut; it was planted about the first of June and cultivated like potatoes, and vegetables of a like character."

About that time another paroxysm hit the fellow, and he said, "Good Lord, doc-

tor, I don't care how it grew or where; spread some on a rag and put it on me."

It is the application of the thing which does the work, not the dissertation. And it is not the dissertation on truth, but the plain, naked truth, slapped on the consciences of men, that does the work. That is what we want, and that is what the church does not want. I like to see a preacher that nobody can ride. Some of them can be ridden like the darky's old mule. He drove into town on Saturday evening, driving his old mule to a one-horse wagon. The darkies gathered round him, and they said, "Uncle Mose, have you swapped mules again?" "Yes, and dat am de best mule I ever had. Anybody can drive dat mule. The children can drive him. You may have him if you'll ride him." They said, "Take the harness off him and we'll ride him." They took the mule out of the shafts, and took the harness off of him, and a darky jumped on the mule. But he did not stay very long. And then another, and another tried him, and met a like fate. By and by a lean, tall fellow came up wearing a number fifteen shoe. He got on the mule, and the mule turned his head this way and that way and went off

down the road. When it got about six hundred yards, he turned him, and he came lagging back. He said, "Uncle Moses, in justice this mule am mine; but I am not gwine to take de mule. Dar aint no justice in it. When I got on de mule, he turned dis way, and dat way, and he seed my feet, and he thought he was in shafts; he don't know it to dis minute that I have been riding him."

They are riding you preachers, lots of times, when you think you are in shafts. When the preachers give it to you, old brethren, it don't do any good. I feel sometimes like doing with the church like an old darky driving along a sandy, level road with an old buggy, to which was hitched a mule. The mule stopped. He got out and tried to lead him, and he would not go. He tried to drive him and he set back. He got out, and got a bunch of fodder, and held it in front of the mule, but he would not budge. Finally, the old darky said, "You old fool mule, you, I'll make you pull." So he piled some straw and brush under the mule, and set it on fire. The mule moved up about four feet, and stopped with the buggy over the fire, and burned it up. That is the way with a good many of

you church people. You just can't do anything with them.

The saddest phase of our American life is that the good old-fashioned and Holy Ghost revival is played out in our country. I have not seen a Holy Ghost revival in the United States in the last five years. And you have not. We need to get back to them. I will give you an incident illustrating exactly what I mean by bringing this world where it ought to be.

It happened now just about twelve years ago. I got off the train at the Union Station in a city east of here, and four of the preachers met at the depot. They said, "Brother Jones, we meet you, and greet you in the name of our Lord. We have finished the great tabernacle which seats eight thousand people, and we have been holding a meeting there. All the churches and pastors have combined for ten nights, and God is with us. And, Brother Jones, God is going to give us the greatest revival you ever witnessed in all your life. I said, "I thank God for news like that." They said, "Brother Jones, we have reserved a suite of rooms in our best hotel for you, or there is a splendid private home that wants you as their guest." I said, "I will let you decide

it for me." Then they said, "We will put you at the private home." I got in the carriage with two of those pastors, and we drove out about a mile from the depot in the suburbs, and stopped in front of a splendid home. They walked in with me, and met the wife and mother, and I found her to be one of God's jewels. In a few moments the daughter walked in, and I found out afterwards she was one of the sweetest Christian girls I have ever known. By and by the husband came in. He was a wholesale dry-goods merchant, and my acquaintance told me there was no better, truer man in that great city. The next morning was Sunday, and this man and his wife and daughter went with me to the great tabernacle, and on Monday morning and Monday afternoon they were also there.

Monday night we were sitting at the supper table, and everything was nice and pleasant. All at once there was a dull thud, as though some one were falling on the soft carpet in the hall. Instantly one of the liveried servants waiting on the table shot out of the dining-room, and closed the door behind him; and I saw the light go out of the faces of those around the table. Noth-

ing more was said until I left the table, and as I left the mother spoke up and said, "Brother Jones, excuse us, we won't go with you to the services to-night." I went up to my room and got ready, and went down to the meeting. After the meeting was over, I came back and went to bed. The next morning just as I waked up that servant came into my room to see if I needed anything. I looked at him, and I said, "Neighbour, what was that disturbance in the hall last night?" He said, "Brother Jones, don't you know about that?" I said, "Nothing at all." He said, "That is the poor, wayward, wrecked, and ruined boy of this home. He came staggering in last night, and fell in the hall." He said, "Mr. Jones, I don't reckon there is a more depraved or abandoned boy in all the world than that; and he has broken his mother's heart, and the old boss rolls and tosses on his bed and groans through the night; and that sweet young lady here never goes anywhere. She is heartbroken." And he said, "Mr. Jones, in your meetings around in this country, did you ever hear of such an afflicted family?" I said, "I have seen scores and hundreds of them." He said then, "I have prayed every day to God to save that boy."

I said, "Keep on praying; God will save him."

That morning when I got up from the breakfast table, the mother followed me into the sitting-room, and said, "Brother Jones, I don't know what you have heard about it, but that disturbance last night was my poor, wayward, and ruined boy. When he was seventeen years old, a better boy I never knew. If he had a bad habit we did not know it. We sent him off to college. He came back at the end of four years, graduated in debauchery and ruin. And," she said, "he has been back a year now, and we have done everything that the heart and soul of man can do; but he has gone from bad to worse, and I expect he is the most depraved boy in all this city to-day." She said, "Just one question—in your meetings did you ever see a family so sorely afflicted?" I said, "By the hundreds." She said, "Will God save my boy?" I said, "Let us get right down on our knees, now, here together, and pray that he may." All through the prayer I could hear her fervent "Amen." When we got off our knees, she stood up in front of me, with tears that would not have stained an angel's cheek running down her face, and she said, "Oh,

will God hear that prayer and save my poor lost boy?" I said, "He certainly will, in my candid faith and opinion." I said, "Where is that boy?" She said, "He is in the next room now, I heard him moving about." She said, "You will have to be very careful, he is so resentful if you go about him." I tapped on his room door, and a harsh, rough voice said, "Come in." He was standing before a mirror, brushing his hair, dressed, except his coat and hat. When I stepped in I extended my hand and said, "Young man, I am the guest of this home. My name is Sam Jones; I thought I would talk to you a little while, if you don't care." He just turned deliberately, put on his coat and hat, and, paying no attention to me, started out by me. I stepped in front of him and said, "Young man, just a minute. I have been on my knees beside that heart-broken mother of yours, down in the sitting-room, as we prayed; and now, young man, listen. Go right downstairs, put your arms around your mother's neck, and say, 'Mother, I have drank my last drop, and debauched my last night. Or else go back to the dresser, pick up that pistol, load it freshly, go downstairs, and push the muzzle against the

tender temple of your sweet mother, and pull the trigger, and the angels of God will clap their hands as she falls to the floor, and thank God another angel mother is out of suffering for ever."

He turned his face towards me, and a more debauched face I never saw. He said, "What can I do?" "Surrender your life to God, and be an honour and blessing to this home." He said, "What can a poor dog like me do?" I said, "Surrender to God." He said, "Mr. Jones, I am so tired of this miserable life of mine. I see no hope or chance." I said, "God will save you, and make you an honour to this home." "Oh," he said, "will God have anything to do with a wretch like me?" I said, "Let us get on our knees and ask God about it right away." He dropped on his knees, and I said "Pray." I could hear his sobs. He arose and put his arms around my neck, and said, "Mr. Jones, tell me the truth; is there any hope for a poor dog like me?" I answered him there was. I said, "Don't go out of this room to-day." He said, "If I do not, I'll die." I said, "If you do, you will die. Stay here; I am going to the tabernacle."

I went downstairs, and said, "Mother, go

upstairs; your boy is on his knees praying. He has promised me to stay in the room until I get back. You go and stay with him." She looked me in the face and said, "Oh, is God going to hear my prayer?" I said, "He certainly will." She went up those steps like a young girl. When I came back from the services, she was sitting by the lounge stroking his nervous temples with a gentle hand. I walked in and said, "Mother, you can go. I will stay with the young man." I said, "What now, young man?" He said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, nothing but prayer will do a poor miserable creature like me any good." I said, "We will kneel and pray. You pray first." He said, "God won't hear a miserable being like me pray." I said, "Pray the best you can." He started in, "Oh, God, for mother's sake have mercy on me. If there is any mercy in heaven let it come to a poor, miserable, ruined dog like me." We got off our knees, and he said, "Mr. Jones, don't trifle with a poor miserable creature like me. Do you think there is any chance for me?" I said, "Of course there is." "Oh," he said, "if God will save me!"

That night I got up from the supper table and said, "Mother, fix a cup of coffee, and I

will take it up to the young man. He don't want any supper. You go on to the services, and I will bring him with me." She said, "Are you going to take care of him there?" I said, "Of course I am."

I carried the cup of coffee to him, and he was so nervous he could not take it in his hand and drink it. I poured it in the saucer and held it to his lips. I said, "Get your hat and we will go to the services." He said, "Are you going to let me go to the services?" I said, "Yes, it is the place for you." He put on his coat, took my arm, and we walked to the tabernacle. I set him about four pews from the front, and all the time I was preaching, he kept his nervous eyes on me, and when I invited the penitents forward, he came along with the others. I walked out to him to encourage him, and he was praying with all his heart. And to make a long story short the third night after that I saw that boy converted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. It has been twelve years ago, and he has never drunk a drop, and he has been a blessing to that home from that day to this, and all through these meetings he worked with all his might with his old friends and companions. I bade them good-bye when the

meeting was over. I have had many a letter from that mother and that young man. Five years had gone by, and I was back in that city for two hours between trains. I got on a street car and ran out to that home. I rang the door bell. The mother being in the hall opened the door, and when I stepped in she looked me full in the face, threw her arms around my neck and said, "Oh, excuse me, sir, but you can never know in this world what you have done for this home, and for my boy. From the day you left us to this hour he has been an angel of life and blessing in this home."

What we need to bring this world back to where it ought to be is simply enough of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, in every human heart, to make us true and pure and good. Then we will get the earth where it ought to be. And when we get the earth where it ought to be, it is not far from heaven. Really you can stay right where you are, when you get far enough, and God Almighty will extend the streets of the New Jerusalem, and incorporate you in heaven forever.

III

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERS

CHARACTER is the immortal part of man. Character is that part of you and me which shall outlive the stars. Character is a very different thing from reputation. My reputation is what men say of me. My character is what I really am. Reputation is like a glove that you may put on and off at pleasure, or rend to pieces and throw away, but character is the hand itself, and when once it is scarred it is scarred for ever. To say that a man has a good character is to say the best possible thing of him. To say that a man has a bad character, you can say nothing worse of him. My reputation is at the mercy of every vicious tongue and pen in the world. My character is in my own hands and out of gunshot reach of man and devil. With a good character no amount of calumny or slander can harm me. With a bad character, slander and libel only state the facts concerning me.

The finest picture of character and reputation I ever saw was at the shipyards at Portsmouth, Va. In company with some friends, we visited the shipyards there just about the time the *Texas* was ready to launch, and, walking around the great ship, I asked the master builder how thick the hull of the ship was. He said, "It was two layers of steel about the thickness of your hand." I asked him if those modern guns would throw a ball through her wall. "Yes," he replied, "as easily as a rifle will shoot a lead ball through a white pine plank." "What," I said, "and this battleship to cost nearly three million dollars, and you are to launch her out to be punctured and sunk by the first well-directed shot aimed at her?" "No," said he, "you don't understand this ship. Let's go on her upper deck. Come with me." When we reached her upper deck, I looked at her massive turret, I said, "My! What are those?" He said, "Those are her turrets." I said, "What about them?" He replied, "The walls of her turrets are twelve inches thick, made of the best armor plate. There is not a flat place on her turrets as large as the palm of your hand. A ball fired at her turrets would not stick, and if it did would

do no harm." Then I said, "Why have her so strong up here and so weak below?" He said, "Mr. Jones, you do not understand this ship. When she approaches battle, they pump water into her hull and sink her on a dead level with her turrets. Then you may turn the guns of all battleships and forts on her, and you can't phase her." "Well," said I, "what sort of guns will she carry?" He replied, "No ship or fort can stand up before her guns."

My reputation may be riddled by the tongues and pens of others, but if I am a man of good character I sink myself on a level with my character, and then you can turn the guns of earth and hell loose upon me and you can't phase me. But when I turn the guns loose from the turrets of my character, nothing can stand before them.

Character is the result of the harmony of forces in man. The great trouble with humanity lies in the fact that it is all out of harmony with itself. That something that turned angels into devils has struck humanity a hard lick and knocked it all out of harmony with itself.

A man's will may choose something, but his judgment does not approve. Sometimes will and judgment will agree, then con-

science will pull back on him. Again will and conscience and judgment may all agree upon a night's debauch, and the poor fellow wakes up saying, "I am sorry to think of my head in the morning." Then whatever else may be said for or against humanity, we know it is not out of harmony with itself.

Let a well-trained musician sit down at that piano; he sweeps the board with his fingers a time or two. A frown gathers on his face and I hear the discordant notes of the instrument. I ask him what is the matter. He replies, "Two of these keys are out of harmony with the others." Then those two keys are out of harmony with everything in all worlds that is in harmony. I say to him, "Close the piano up and tell it to put itself in harmony with itself." He replies, "The piano can't do it." I say, "Who can do it?" "The man who made it," he replies. When the man who made it sits down and begins work, and brings those two keys in harmony with the others that are in harmony, then the whole instrument is in harmony with everything in the universe that is in harmony. And man can't put himself in harmony with himself, but the God who made him can do it. When you

and I go up into the presence of a Merciful God, with penitence and prayer, He will take us in His own loving hands and set the Ten Commandments to music in our souls, and every Christian duty to music in our lives, so that ever afterwards when God or the law shall touch a chord of our nature it will vibrate and make music that would charm an angel's ear.

Some men say God did not make them; that they came up through evolution. I have wondered, if that was true, when Nature would evolute again, and would it be a boy or a girl next time. I do not believe that we came from animalcules to tadpoles, and from tadpoles to lizards, and from lizards to squirrels, and from squirrels to monkeys, and from monkeys to men. Sometimes I believe in inverted evolution. For when I have seen some men I have thought they were headed towards monkeys.

There can be no well-rounded character without the harmony of forces. Liberty is synonymous here with the word harmony. Liberty means the privilege of doing right. License means you may do wrong if you pay the penalty. There is no liberty outside of the boundary lines of the law. God has

reserved for Himself no higher privilege than the privilege of doing right. God never moves in the realm of license, because He does not want to do wrong. Therefore, I say, the best thing a man ever did is to do right, no matter what he may have lost in money or so-called friends or political power or social prestige. The worst thing a man ever did is to do wrong, no matter how much money he made or how much power he acquired. Nothing will beat doing right. Nothing is worse than doing wrong.

I have been hunting diligently for thirty years for a man who had found something that would beat doing right. I have found only one and I met him a short while afterwards and he said the thing had busted bad. It would not work.

Character like everything else involving principle must have foundation. Heaven is topless, but it has an enduring foundation. Hell is bottomless; it needs no foundation, for there is not a principle involved in the whole shebang from top to bottom. Our Saviour guarded us at this point when He told us about the man who built his house on the sand, and when the rains and storms beat upon it, it fell, and fell just at the time that the poor fellow most needed a house.

Then He told us of the man who built his house upon the rock, and when the storms and winds came, it stood and stood just at the time when he most needed the house. However calm and quiet this day may be with us, we may be sure that the storm will come by and by. Therefore let's look well to foundations.

If I were seeking an enduring foundation for character, on what would I rest it? You cannot make intellect the basis of character, because some of the most intellectual people I ever knew had no character. Nor can you make the will the basis of character, because some of the most self-willed people I ever saw were characterless. Neither can you make conscience the basis of character, because conscience is largely a thing of education, somewhat like the fellow who said, when he first joined the church, that any little thing he did wrong turned his conscience, but he said, "I have got so now I can steal a horse and it doesn't bother me at all." Therefore the will, the intellect, or the conscience cannot be made the foundation of character.

If I was seeking an enduring foundation on which to rest character, I would make the affections the basis, for what a man

loves and what a man hates determines his character, and a man's power to love determines his immortality.

After placing a permanent foundation for character I would build on this wise. High over all I would put the law; right under the law I would put the conscience, and right under the conscience I would put the will, and under the will I would put the affections. Now let law, with its radiating light, fall down upon a well-enlightened conscience, then let a well-enlightened conscience get a good grip on the will, and through the will subjugate the affections, until the man loves everything that is right and hates everything that is wrong, then he will have a foundation as indestructible as the soul is immortal.

Now, having laid the foundation well, I would build character like they builded the Temple of old, without the sound of a hammer, and the first stone I would put on that foundation would be faith. Faith in God, faith in His Word, faith in my fellowman, and faith in myself. Faith affirms, asserts, declares. Doubt denies. One affirms, the other is negative; no character was ever builded by negations. The man who says, *I believe*, and feels it in his blood and bones,

is omnipotent. He who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is damned.

Christian character is the highest type of character in this world. The greatest statesman this world has ever known was the humble, trusting, Bible-reading, praying William E. Gladstone of England. The world's greatest ruler was the kindly, praying, godly, consecrated Queen Victoria of England. The world's greatest warrior, in my judgment, was the pious, God-loving, and God-serving Robert E. Lee of Virginia.

Christianity is but the science of character building and its laws regulate and its precepts guide a life up into the highest realms of true character.

With that stone well down on the foundation, the next stone I would lay on that would be courage. Not so much the physical courage, that faces cannon and listens to the rattle of musketry unmoved, but the moral courage that flies in the face of a vicious public opinion and stands for the right. We learn in biographies of the great and good, that God never chose a man to do and dare for Him that moral courage was not the supreme element in the character of that man. Abraham, Daniel, and St. Paul are but examples in the line of heroes

who developed the highest characters. Cowardice weakens, debilitates, and defeats. I repeat it, it is not the courage that fights with sword or gun, but it is the courage that makes a young man say, "No, boys, I won't do that. I would not bring a care to my mother's heart for all you will get out of that." The courage that makes a young girl say, "No, I will not go with you. I would not bring a sorrow to my father's heart for ten thousand times all you would get out of that." The courage that would rather be right than rich; rather be pure than be a prince; had rather have a conscience void of offence than own the world.

With that stone well laid, the next one I would lay on that would be knowledge, for knowledge is the handmaid of character to dress its charms and make it lovely. Ignorance may be bliss, but it is not character. Sanctified knowledge is the most potent weapon in the hands of the good. I do not mean by knowledge so much the stuffing of the curriculum of a college in the head of a boy, for I have seen a man who spoke seven languages fluently, yet he would tell a lie three times out of five as he talked. I do not mean the knowledge that comes so much in the research of books,

but the knowledge which teaches how to do all good, and at the same time teaches us how to shun the wrong; the knowledge of good and evil. In the absence of knowledge, superstition and prejudice have the field. But wisdom teaches us how to think, and what to think, and what to do.

With that stone well laid, the next one that fits down on that, without the sound of a hammer, is temperance. Not simply the abstinence from intoxicating drinks; not that something that prevents gluttony in eating, but it is a balance wheel of human life and character. That something that regulates the life and makes me as good on Monday as I am on Sunday. That something that enables me to do well whatever I undertake, and leave nothing till to-morrow that I can accomplish to-day. It is the balance wheel of the machinery of human life, that regulates its movements.

With that stone well down, the next one that fits on that is patience. Patience has to do with temper, and temper gives ring and resistance to mettle. No matter what passions may have manifested themselves in vengeance or hatred, patience tempers and tones and regulates so that a man can be an anvil, to be struck, as well as to be

the hammer that strikes; to be an anvil when he ought to be an anvil, and a hammer when he ought to be a hammer. Patience is in its perfection in the home life. Mother, if you had a little more patience, you would be the best mother, and if you had patience enough, you would be a grandmother some day. Patience and quiet are twin sisters. He who is the most patient has the best control of the tongue, for we scarcely ever let temper get from under control until the tongue has started on its mission of deadly work. Patience is the gentle hand we lay upon the turbulent spirit, and calm it like the strokes of the master horseman calm the spirit of a wild and vicious horse. Give me plenty of temper, but give me absolute mastery of it, and I will do no harm. There is no more unseemly sight than a mother on a tear with her temper; a father giving vent to unseemly passions in his home. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." We can always control our tempers if we control our mouths, and *vice versa*.

The next stone I would lay down on patience is God-likeness. This much I know: the more I am like God in thought, in life, in character, the farther I am away

from things which debauch, and the nearer I am to every helpful influence that ennobles character and develops the good that is in me. There is no higher type of character than we find with those who walk and talk with God.

The next stone that fits on that is brotherly love. Every man, my brother; every woman, my sister. Each members of a common family, for we are all brothers. Many of us, however, think we are but step-brothers, not kin to each other. Like the old Christian sitting on the roadside, who had just taken the lid off of his dinner bucket to eat dinner. An old tramp walked up and said, "Mister, give me a little piece of bread. I have no money, no home, no bread." The old Christian cut him a slice of bread and started to hand it to him, but said, "Before I give it to you, I will ask the blessing." He looked up and said, "Our Father, which is in heaven, bless this bread we eat. Amen." The old tramp looked at him, and said, "Our Father in heaven?" "Yes," said the old Christian, "He is our Father." "Then," said the old tramp, "if He is our Father, we are brothers, aint we?" The old Christian replied, "Yes, we are brothers." Then spoke the old tramp,

“If we are brothers, cut me a thicker piece of bread, and put some meat on it.” My idea of brotherly love is this. I have two brothers in the flesh. If either of them had a bed in his home, a plate at his table, a dollar in his pocket, or a drop of blood in his veins too good for me when I should need it, the same I would not call my brother at all. We are brothers and we should be kind. There is not a sweeter, fuller, better word in all the world than kindness. It was simple kindness that always made my mother’s voice to me as sweet as an æolian harp. It was mother’s kindness that always made the touch of her hand to me as soft and gentle as the zephyrs put in motion by the angels’ wings. For kindness is the mother of sentiment, and sentiment is the divinest element in man. For it is sentiment that lends beauty to the landscape, glory to a sunset, and fragrance to the rose. He who has the most of sentiment is closest akin to his mother, and he who is closest akin to his mother is closest akin to God.

And now the building is finished, except the keystone which we drop into the arch,—Charity. Charity is the crowning virtue. It is the keystone of the arch and not only holds together, but ties together, and

strengthens and ennobles every stone in the great arch. Love to God and love to man. Love in the home and love in the church. Love in the world is not only the force that brings us together in sympathy and effort, but it is the crowning grace of virtue, for God Himself is Love. A well-developed character is the most beautiful and symmetrical thing in the world. A lopsided character is the most unseemly. Look on the broad, generous, noble, splendid royal character, then look on the little, narrow, contracted, selfish, useless character, and we have the two in the picture I now give.

See the little streamlet as it leaps down the mountain side, and passes along in its healthful activity, and it passes near a pool or pond, and the old pond hails it and says, "Whither away, master streamlet?" The little streamlet replies, "I am going to the river to bear this cup of water which God has given me." The old pond smiles in its complacency, "Ah, you poor foolish thing. We have had a backward spring and we will have a hot summer to pay for it, and you will be dried up then." "Well," said the little streamlet, "if I am to die so soon, I will use this blessing for the good of

others while I have it." The old pond smiled again, and threw its arms around all it had, and said, "I won't let one drop get away. I know I will need it for myself by and by."

And by and by the hot sun did come down, hotter and hotter still, and how about the little streamlet? The trees lined its verdant course, locked its boughs upon its bosom, and would not let a ray of the sun touch the little streamlet. The cattle sipped its tide; the birds sung its praise, and it went on rejoicing in its useful verdant course. And how about the old pond? The sun poured down on its bosom, hotter and hotter still, and by and by the old pond began to breed malaria, and the winds scattered the malaria over the settlement, and the people had chills and fever. By and by the sun came hotter still, then the frogs cast their venom on its bosom. The cattle met at its brink and would not touch its water, and the birds flew away without a note of praise. Then by and by God smote it with a hotter breath, and dried it up from the face of the earth.

And how about the little streamlet? It ran on to the river, and gave all it had to the river, and the river caught it up and carried

it to the ocean, and the ocean sent up its incense to greet the skies, then the winds, like waiting steeds, caught up the clouds and carried it thither until it stood right over the little streamlet's mouth, then God tipped the cup and poured the water back into the mouth of the little streamlet. Then the streamlet, with its renewed life and vigor, passed on down near the old pond, now dried up. As it passed it began to sing:

“ Old ponds may come,
And old ponds may go,
But I run on forever.”

IV

MANHOOD AND MONEY

THE biggest thing in the universe is a well-rounded, royal, splendid man. The smallest thing in the universe is the person whom greed has dwindled, and money has minimized. True manhood is humanity at its highest point. There is nothing better than character; there is nothing lower than greed. When God makes a royal, splendid man, He makes him as nigh like Himself as He can. When the devil fills us with greed, he makes us as nigh like himself as he can.

The miser who spends his whole life accumulating his money, and in his old age sits down upon his fortune with no capacity for enjoying it, is a monumental fool. I repeat it, the curse of this age is we have put gold above God, chattels above character, and mammon above manhood. We have inverted God's order of things, and money is on top and manhood at the bottom. Happy is the man who enthrones God

above gold, manhood above money, and character above chattels. Then he is moving along, "right side up with care."

It is historically true that whatever a nation or a man has made its ideal, if that ideal be wrong, at last it has fallen down under its ideal and died. Greece focalised her life and centralised her whole being in her literature, and at last poor old Greece turned up her toes and died under a book. Rome centralised her life and focalised her whole being in her military power, and nothing but a spear now marks the final resting place of Rome. America has concentrated all her energies upon the dollar, and shall we at last lie buried under a silver dollar, the intrinsic value of which is about forty-eight cents?

One splendid, royal man will give more character, and add more to the history of a country, than all its products for a hundred years. Gladstone gave more character to England than all England's commerce for a century. George Washington gave more character to America, and added more to her history, than Wall Street can do in a thousand years. America will live on because of her Washingtons, her Jeffersons, her Jacksons, her Lincolns, and not

because of her Vanderbilts, Astors, and Rockefellers.

A man may be both rich and great. He must be if he shall live. Abraham was wealthy beyond the dream of our millionaires, and yet his character was such that we know him only as the Father of the Faithful, and not as the wealthiest of the wealthy. Manhood is enduring, is immortal; nothing else is.

A gentleman asked another some time ago, "How much property did Mr. So-and-So leave?" His friend replied, "He left all he had. He didn't take a dollar with him." It is not what we leave, but what we carry with us. Manhood belongs to both worlds. Lands and stocks and bonds and moneys belong to only one world. This is demonstrated in the fact that the rich man whom the Bible calls Dives, when he left this world, was without means by which he could procure one drop of water to cool his parching tongue, while the poor man, Lazarus, that fed upon the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and whose only doctor was the dogs that licked his sores, when he left, joined the companionship of those who were recognised as kings in both worlds.

A father may not have done much for his boy when he endowed him with riches, but a father has done the most and the best for his boy when he rears him rightly and starts him out at twenty-one with a character as solid and a life as pure as that of King Josiah. Agur was right when he prayed "O, Lord, give me neither poverty nor riches," for poverty handicaps and riches demoralise manhood. A father and mother who skimp and skin and save and lay up for their children; who deny themselves of real comforts of life, in order that their children may have their accumulation of money, have reached the height of folly. If your boy is of any account, he does not need a dollar you may give him; and if he is of no account, every dollar you leave him will sink him.

Money is valuable only as it helps to develop the manhood in you. It is a curse when it is used for any other reason. Our money to us should be what the wings of a bird are to it. Simply the best means to reach the end, or like a railroad train, simply a vehicle or thing to carry me where I want to go. There is no virtue in poverty, or any vice in riches. It is in the use we may put it to. We may shine in the

midst of either, or we may ride them to ruin.

There is something about one honestly earned dollar that is worth a million, if there is a dirty shilling in the pile. Almost any fellow can make money, but only the wise and good man knows how to use it. The secret of accumulation is simply to hold to what you get. Prodigality is as really a manifestation of selfishness as stinginess; wherever the object is simply self, whether self puts it in its pocket or spends it on appetite or passion, the effect on the person is about the same.

One of the most marvellous wills in history was that made by one of our Southern bishops. By reason of his position, he had opportunity to accumulate quite a fortune. But when he came to his last hours and made his will, he simply said, after commending his spirit to God through Christ, "I give and bequeath to my faithful wife, my little farm over in South Carolina. To my widowed daughter and orphan children, the income on my books. To my other children," giving their names in order, "I give nothing, not for the want of love, but for the lack of means."

The world of commerce and the marts of

trade furnish the battle field. The force on the one side is greed and gain. On the other side, it is character and manhood. Whatever may add to my greed or multiply my gain, hurts character, and whatever shall build up my character and my manhood is the thing to be sought at the expense of money, ease, comfort, and everything.

The best sign of the times I see is the fact that the spirit of benevolence grows among men. The millions contributed to the various charitable and benevolent causes can hardly be computed year by year. Think of one man, who has contributed nearly two hundred millions. Another nearly one hundred millions and scores have given from five to twenty millions. Hospitals, training schools, colleges, libraries, orphanages, etc.; the aggregate annual benevolences to all these pile up a sum that makes us stagger to look upon. But after all it is better to be good than great, better to be right than rich, and better to have a conscience void of offence to God and man than to own the world.

Riches are sordid, manhood is made up of the best stuff in the world. Honour, integrity, uprightness, benevolence, kindness, temperance, love, are some of the ingredi-

ents that make man immortal, and these elements dominated by a will that commands the situation; an inflexible will, not dogged stubbornness; an imperious will, not hard-headedness, but a will that chooses right, and after that choice is made, abides the choice. A will that chooses not to do wrong, and stays by the choice, conscious that there isn't enough money coined to change it, or bullets enough moulded to alter the determination, and wherever intelligence, courage, mind, is dominated by such a will, and fostered and fed by every element that belongs to an upright man, the result is a first-class character, and there is nothing higher, nothing better, than that.

Take Governor Nichols, of Louisiana. When he was Governor of the State, there was a bill for re-chartering the Louisiana State Lottery, and a more infamous thing never cursed the American Republic than that. Five years before the bill came up for renewing the charter I was preaching in New Orleans, and the first four days the newspapers reported me pretty well. The fifth I struck the Lottery, and, God bless you, the papers dropped me like a hot cake. They never knew I was in town any more. They sprung the question, and I began the

fight, and some of them gave me credit for starting the ball in motion, there in New Orleans, against that infamous scheme. Now they had the Legislature, or as many as they wanted of them—they had bought them just like sheep or mules, so much a head, and when they had the majority of the Legislature, and everything was coming their way, then they found out some way that the old Governor was going to veto the bill. So they walked into the Governor's office, and began to talk to him, and they carried him out on a high hill, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and some one showed him that there was a million of cash in it, if he wanted it, and the old Governor saw what they were up to. He reached over and got his crutch, and shoved it under his arm, and spoke up, and said, "Gentlemen, I see what you are up to. This leg went off at the Battle of Manassas, this arm went off at the Battle of Sharpsburg, and this eye went out at Richmond; but, gentlemen, poor as I am, I want to say to you, you can crush this other leg off here, and this other arm off here at the joints, and jab this other eye out, and I will go through this life eyeless, and legless, and armless, to a pauper's grave, but there ain't money

enough on earth to buy me. Get out of my office; get out of my office."

The highest type of manhood is to help a brother in need. It is to me a beautiful story, and I want you to hear it in closing. I think I have run up on some things connected with human life as beautiful as the stars and as fragrant as a flower garden.. And these beautiful things that memory takes hold of now have all come to the surface as diamonds in the rough, and they all belong to the sturdy, stalwart men who pull the throttle and bell cord of our railroads. Take this one instance: In the collision near Adairsville, Ga., some months ago, Engineer Dobbs was mortally hurt. He was lying on an improvised litter at Adairsville, when No. 93 rolled down to the depot and stopped. Engineer Dobbs looked up at the approaching engine and said, "That's Van Bell on that engine, isn't it?" They answered in the affirmative. He said, "I want to see Van." The wounded engineer was carried back to the sleeping car. Van Bell got the summons. He stepped down off of his engine, and followed his brother engineer to the sleeping car, and walked into the car among the many passengers with his overalls on, and the smut of his engine on his

face. He kneeled by the wounded brother engineer's side, and said, "What can I do for you." The dying man said, "I want you to pray for me." And the Christian engineer knelt down in the sleeping car among all the passengers, and lifted his voice in earnest prayer to God for the soul of his dying brother. He prayed earnestly and fervently, and remained with him fifteen or twenty minutes, until the wounded engineer told him that he accepted the offered Christ, and surrendered his heart to Him. Then Van Bell bade him hold onto God by faith, and when he was going back to his engine, the conductor said to him, "Van, we have lost twenty minutes." Van replied, "Yes, but what is that?" I had rather lose my job and help a dying brother get right with God, than to hold onto my job and neglect my brother."

V

RAVAGES OF RUM

I BELIEVE that in the very nature of things there will be issues between men always, but I like a man; year in and year out, up or down, straight or crooked, let him be a man. As a speaker I must take sides. Now you needn't ask me which side of the question I am on; just slip up and get the great ear of God Almighty, and ask him which side He is on, then you needn't come back to me at all; just put me down on the side God says he is on. If you want to know which side I am on, you go to any good mother in this town and ask her which side she is on, and then you needn't come back to me; just put me down with that good mother. If you want to know which side I am on, you go to that sweet, old mother, that many of us have in this world, and whisper up in her ear, and ask her which side of this fight she is on, and you may put me down on her side without asking me any questions at all.

Now if I take the side that God is on, and every sweet, good wife is on, and the old mothers that have gone over into the better world are on—if I am on their side, I can't be very wrong, can I?

Now let us talk like good neighbors and friends. Which side are you on? I wish you could see every fellow in God Almighty's world that is on the side of liquor, and see them march out into line, and if you will march with that gang, I want to tell you, you aint fit to associate with a buzzard. Now that is the truth. Now if you will just look at your crowd that is lined up with you; there ain't a dirty old bum saloon-keeper, there ain't a crooked old devil that wants to make money on liquor, there ain't a dirty, disreputable negro in town that ain't on your side; and when you march out with your gang, then I want to tell you, you ain't fit for sausage—you ain't fit for bologna; you are eleven-tenths dog, all the animal in you is dog, and the human has turned to dog, and that makes the other eleventh, and you are eleven-tenths dog. There are some fellows living here in this town, that if they had some more hair and a tail they would go to running rabbits to-night. Now, I don't mean any reflection on a decent pointer dog

when I am talking about that, and making the comparison; I don't want you to think that I have let down at a respectable dog when I compare some fellows to him, and I want us to stay in a perfectly good humour, because I want to tell you whiskey fellows you won't get any fight out of me; I won't fight you at all.

I want to say to you gentlemen, I came to you just like I go everywhere else. I have got no ill will or unkindness towards any man on this earth; there aint a man in the county, of any name and age, that I would not go down on my knees at his side to-day and pray God to give him as good a home in heaven as I would ask Him to give me, or my wife or children. I never fight men, never fight anything, except the thing that hurts men, and breaks the hearts of good women, and brings sadness to the human race. Those are the only things I fight in the world; and if any of you are offended at anything I say, if you will come up to me like a man, when I am through, and beg my pardon, I will forgive you, because I never bear malice towards anybody, and we ought to make it up before we go out.

Now there are three ways by which whiskey is dispensed in this country. You are

listening to a man that is fifty-eight years old; gentlemen, I have gone over this great country of ours for thirty-five years, from ocean to ocean, and from lake to gulf; I have gone with both eyes open, with both ears open, and I have seen and I have heard, and I know what I am talking about. The worst thing this side of the gaping gates of damnation is the wide open saloon in a town. That is the worst thing that God or man ever tackled, and the best institution that the devil ever inaugurated—a wide open saloon.

Now the next worst thing to a saloon is a dispensary. I mean in its influence and effect. Now I know all about the dispensary. You fellows up here do not, because you haven't been around them like I have, and seeing the thing.

Now I know where the question gets the biggest crowd of us poor fellows. There are men in this city—and I want to say they are respectable men—who say if we are obliged to have liquor, let us get the license and the tax money out of it; it aint right to have it sold here and get nothing in return. Well, now, I want to talk to you a little about that. You know Judas Iscariot is put down in the Bible as a pretty bad egg. He sold

his Lord for thirty pieces of silver. You know the more I see of some fellows the more I think of Judas Iscariot. Old Judas was the treasurer of the apostles, and money got pretty low, and they walked up to him and said, "If you will point Him out to us we will give you thirty pieces of silver." I think now that Judas said in his heart, "That money will help us out mighty well; if I point Him out He will withdraw Himself as He has done in times past, and He will not be hurt or harmed by them. And he took the money. And when he saw them mock his Lord, as they platted a crown of thorns and thrust it on his Lord's temples, when he saw them spit on Him and buffet Him, Judas went back and dumped the pieces of silver at their feet, and said, "Take your money back, I have betrayed innocent blood." And they said, "We won't take it back, see to it"; and Judas left the money lying at their feet and went out and hung himself. You know that I think when a man sells himself, and his wife, and children, and town to these damnable saloons and dispensaries, I think there is only one thing for him to do, and that is, go out and hang himself. What do you think about that, old red nose? Judas had some con-

science in him, but you want to put this town and county in the attitude of selling the most sacred things that God's eyes ever looked at, and instead of taking the money back, you want to take it and invest it, to lighten your taxes and fix up your roads; and you tell me, "Why, Brother Jones, wouldn't you rather have open saloons than blind tigers?" Why don't you ask me which I had rather have, smallpox or yellow fever? I don't want either one. Why do you want to have either one?

When you find blind tigers, you will find a blind mayor, a blind council, and a blind sheriff; everything is blind. You can't run them without having everything blind. You know a pup will get his eyes open in nine days, but there are officers in this town fifty years old that have never got their eyes open yet. Why don't you go to electing pups? They will get their eyes open sooner.

Now hear me, with all the lights before you, listen: When I look around over this great State of Georgia—you know this is a good State, and if God Almighty was ever good to any people, he is good to us, there aint no doubt about that—I want to say to you, when I look up and see the merciful goodness of God, and the immense blessings

He has bestowed upon us fellows, and then see how we will lie out with the devil to debauch one another, I am the most astonished man on this earth; and whenever Sam Jones puts in a vote for saloons or dispensaries, you can disfranchise me like a negro, and never allow me to vote any more, and I believe you will have done a good thing for my country. You hear, Bud?

Now hear me: The saloon is the worst thing that ever opened for business anywhere on the face of God's earth. The dispensary is more debauching to the sentiment of the community than the saloon, because you take it out of the hands of the bull-necked, white-aproned devil that stands behind the counter and dishes it out at ten cents a drink, to put the money in his own pocket, and you put it in the hands of your council, and your church members, dishing it out to help pay the taxes; and my God, what worse shape can you get liquor in than to have it in the hands of the best people in your town? You say, "Why, Brother Jones, don't you think a dispensary will do less harm?" I say it will do more harm, by debauching the sentiment of your community. The most debauched State in this country to-day is South Carolina, where they are

debauched in State, and county, and ballot; and the State of South Carolina is shoveling the dispensaries out of existence, and they say, we will tolerate you no longer.

Then your blind tigers. For you know a blind tiger cannot run in this town without the consent of the people that live here. I will tell you what is the matter. You needn't jump on your mayor and council. When you march out like men and say this thing has got to stop, it will stop, mayor or no mayor, council or no council.

You hear me? You know the biggest thing in this country? We talk about combines and corporations and trusts; the biggest thing, thank God, on earth is the people, and whenever they wake up you have got a moral cyclone that will straighten things out. You are laying around here waiting for the officers to do it, when any twenty of you can get in a hack, and drive around to these fellows, and tell them to clean out and get out of business, or you will not guarantee the consequences—it will straighten things out. You go around saying, blind tiger this, and blind tiger that in the town. The trouble is that you have got no men here; if I were you, sister, when I got my little husband home to-night, I would make the children

catch the little daddy and bring him in, and I would pull the baby out of the cradle, and put the little daddy in there, and make the children rock the little daddy, and if he didn't get a move on him, I would knock his teeth out and nurse him till you wean him. Anybody can go around talking blind tiger this and blind tiger that, when all you want on God Almighty's earth is some respectable, reputable, real genuine citizens. You say the thing has got to stop, and it will stop any day you say so. You say, "Brother Jones, don't you think we had better have some money out of it?" Now look here, I want you fellows to hear every word I say to you, and if any of you don't like anything I say, if you will go outside the corporation and wait till I come we will settle it; but God bless you, I aint coming, you hear?

Now I am not here to abuse your mayor and council. They are just about average fellows of the town, and I could not abuse them without abusing the whole business. There never was a fellow mayor of this town that you did not elect; there never was a councilman that you did not elect; there never was a sheriff that you did not elect; there never was an officer in this county that was not a matter of choice with you.

Now listen to me. When you come up as a good citizen, considering this question of opening your doors and taking the saloon-keeper into your town, to debauch our boys, and wreck our homes, and break the hearts of our wives, you have got up the biggest question that intelligent citizens ever got up in this world.

God bless you country folks. You country fellows, you know what they want to do with you? They want you to come in, and sell you liquor, and you get drunk, and they will lock you up; they will get your money for the liquor to pay their license, and then lock you up. A country man that would vote for liquor ought to be bored for the hollow head, and bled in the frog of the foot. The town gets the money for the license, the saloonkeeper gets the profits, and all the poor country fellow gets is to be locked up, and when the council meets they will get you up before them, and then fine you for getting drunk, and your poor wife has to pay you out. Will a man vote for a tricky set like that?

I love my wife and children, boys, and I would rather walk down to that railroad track, and lie down on it and let an engine grind me into mincemeat before I would

walk up to the ballot box and vote for liquor, and wreck my home, bring disgrace to my children, and break my wife's heart. You can have your saloons, but I will fight them every day God gives me to do it; you can have your dispensaries, but I will say to the tax gatherers, you can count it out as far as I am concerned, and I will give my part of it to the orphans' home; if I have to send my children to the orphans' home to live I will fight it.

I will tell you another thing, and it is the truth, if a preacher ever uttered the truth: If any man will deliberately walk up to the polls and put in a vote for the saloon, he deserves that every boy he has got dies a drunkard, and every daughter of his home has to live in the embrace of a cruel, drunken husband. In the name of God, if the saloon is debauched then why not debauch the son of every man that votes for them?

Now hear me; my boys may both die drunkards, but they shall say at the bar of God, and say it amid the sufferings of hell, "My father fought liquor as long as he had a fist to strike it, and kicked it as long as he had a foot, and bit it as long as he had teeth, and then gummed it till he died." If there aint but one man on God

Almighty's earth that will fight liquor anywhere and everywhere, by God's grace, I will be that man; and you fellows stand around and say, "I will lick him and beat him to death for what he said down there." You may take me and beat me to death, and when you go home to your wife you will say, "We beat Sam Jones to death." And she will say, "What for, husband?" And you will say, "Because he was standing up for the women and children and for God-fearing, sober, upright men, and I will beat anybody to death who will speak in the interest of my wife and children." Wouldn't that be a nice tale to tell your wife? But if you start that beating business around here we will feed the buzzards on you. My God, a man that would vote for a saloon! It is bad enough to lie for them. You know a fellow can't help but lie when he is for the saloon. You can put any old whiskey devil in an ash hopper and pour water on him and he will drip lies—he can't help it.

Now I will just take this thing and look you in the face to-day, and I say it aint any debatable question. Are you a father? Yes. So am I. Are you a husband? Yes. So am I. Are you a citizen of Georgia? Yes. So am I. Are you endeavouring to

do the best you can for your wife and children? Yes. Then there aint any use talking about it, and if you are not for your wife and boys I won't discuss it with you; I aint got no time to waste on you. I like to encounter a brave, true man, ever ready to use his tongue, or lift his hand or pen in defence of women and children, and whenever a fellow strikes a blow, or puts in a ballot that will bring sorrow to a woman's heart he unmans himself on the spot.

Some of the cleverest fellows in this town are for whiskey, but it is the devil in you. I have seen the devil get in a hog, and you couldn't drive him through a gate. I have seen the devil get in a horse, and he can't pull a hen off the roost; I have seen the devil get in a man, and the devil was in him; I have seen the devil get in a woman, but I never stayed to see what happened.

I want to tell you about that blind tiger. A blind tiger can't live in this town unless you patronise them, and any one who will patronise blind tigers will go into the court house and swear a lie about it. If I were you I would tuck my tail and go home right now, for Sam Jones fixed your clock right then. Now he is afraid to lick me about that, because the grand jury would get him

sure, and get a bill against him, because that would be an open confession to the world, like the fellow that said he done it. You know I didn't call any names, but every fellow knows his number.

I want to say to you coloured people, you just look around and see who are your friends, and if you are going to let the saloon gang vote you for liquor, then I want to tell you, you deserve to be debauched and then taken out and lynched, and it is the gang that debauches you that lynches you every pop. You have got some as good coloured people as there are on earth, and there aint enough money in whiskeydom to buy them, and you are going to stand right on this question. You hear this, you coloured men out there, if there is a man on earth that ought to let whiskey alone it is the coloured man. God bless you, you will need all the sobriety and manhood you can get, and whiskey cuts that grit from you every day you live. You may be as black as the ace of spades, but be a black MAN, and not a black DOG, and don't vote with these whiskey devils.

Now, fellow citizens, hear me: The worst thing you can open on God Almighty's earth is a saloon. The next worse thing is a dis-

pensary, that debauches your sentiment, and puts your best people in control of the liquor traffic; and the next worse thing is the blind tiger. There aint a saloon-keeper that ever opened a saloon, but that he was as good as the saloon; there never was a saloon opened in a town that wasn't as good as the law that opened the way for it; there never was a law that opened the way for it that wasn't as good as the voter that went up to the ballot box and voted for it.

Now there is the saloon-keeper, the saloon, the law and the voter, they all belong together, and, before God, do you want to hook up with such a gang? We have pounded them with argument on argument, logic on top of logic, ethics on top of ethics, and said to them, "One man makes liquor, another man sells it, another man votes for it to be sold, another man rents the house for it to be sold in, another man dies drunk on it, all these make each, a link in a chain." We have put the drunkard, the end link, at one end, and the old deacon that votes with the party that licenses it at the other end, and we have talked to them like this, "Drunkard, where are you going?" He replies, "I am going to hell." "How do you know it?" He replies, "The Bible says no

drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." We walk back to the other end of the chain, and say to the old deacon, "Where are you going?" "I am going to heaven." We ask, "How do you know it?" He replies, "I was converted to God way back yonder forty years ago, and once in grace, always in grace." We replied to him, "You old fool, when the other end of this chain goes into hell, chook, the old deacon will go in with the balance of the links, and ought to go, and will feel absolutely at home when he lands. He will be with the gang that he runs with here, however much he may outclass them in pretensions."

The temperance people of the United States may be divided into two classes. First, the Prohibitionists, and, secondly, the Local Optionists. The Prohibitionists advocate the extermination of the traffic. The Local Optionists say, "Let the people of every county and hamlet in the United States settle it for themselves."

The first class stand at the very source of the river of dissipation, and stand saying to the liquor traffic, "If we can prevent it, you shall not push or throw another boy or man or woman into this river." The other class

of temperance people, good-hearted, good-natured, backboneless crowd, are standing away down the stream of dissipation, and try to get busy pulling out the poor drunkard's grave. The first class pray and vote Prohibition. The second class can always be found in the ranks of the Democratic or Republican parties, and that class of temperance people had rather see whiskey flowing ankle deep all over the United States, with a dipper hanging on a limb of every tree, and all America floating to hell, than to see the Grand Old Democratic Party defeated at the polls. They vote one way and pray another. They are all right for temperance three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and then take a furlough on election day, and do all the devil wants them to do to perpetuate the traffic, that he may debauch the country.

There are three classes upon which the guilt of this traffic rests. First, those who favor the license; second, those who deal in the traffic, and, thirdly, those who drink it. The first class are rascals, the second class, hypocrites, and the third class are fools, and when you ring up that whole crowd, you have got a combination of rascals, and hypo-

criters, and fools, in spite of the fact that they are nearly forty to one as they stand upon the voting list of America.

If the Prohibitionists of this country could go to the United States Congress, and ask for the prohibition of the traffic, the politicians would reply, "We can't do without the revenue we get from that direction." Go to the Legislature, and they reply, "Our educational fund comes largely from the liquor traffic." Go to the municipality, they say, "We need the money the liquor traffic supplies."

It is the last retreat for a pusillanimous coward and scoundrel to want to jerk his tax money from the heart's blood of the women and children, the best that God ever made. When I can't pay taxes on the last piece of property I have got, I am ready to go to the poorhouse of my county and die an honourable death. You talk to me about you want the money out of it. Your money perish with you! On the day you go up to the ballot box and put a vote in for the saloon you have unmanned yourself, because you have said, "I think more of the liquor traffic and the money it will bring than I think of my wife, than I think of my children." Away with your money, if

I have to run the wheels of the liquor traffic over my wife and children.

But this thing is all a joke. When the liquor crowd counts up their vote in this county they will tuck their tails, for that settles them for ever, it will never be raised again; we mean business; those fellows won't know what hit them the next morning after the election.

Now hear me, the boys in this county have grown up from boyhood to young manhood, and never saw an open saloon in the county, and now by your vote you want to open them up and show them what they are. God pity a citizenship that wants a thing like that. Now of all men on God Almighty's earth you country men don't want the saloon. The country is where all the boys come from that are fit for anything. You have got a lot of little lobsters in this town, sitting around, playing pool, and living with their mothers, and having their washing done at home. God deliver me from the poolroom gang. There ain't a poolroom gang anywhere, that there is not a blind tiger within one hundred yards of it. They said to me in Atlanta, "Oh, the poolroom men were respectable men. That fellow is boarding with his widowed mother and hav-

ing his washing done at home." Some of them say, "You are impugning my honour!" You little fool, you haven't got any honour.

Talk about the saloons. I would rather see ten mad dogs turned loose than one saloon. If a mad dog bites your child he may die, but his pure spirit will go home to God, while the saloon will damn his soul for ever. If you want to turn loose some fellows that have got to have some money, just inaugurate a set of burglars. They will take all a fellow has got, but cannot hurt his character, and he can make more money; but you turn the saloon loose, and you put him where he can't make any more money, and take all he has. I think the burglar is a gentleman beside the saloon-keeper, who takes all the poor fellow has and sends him to hell at last.

In a county where I was pastor, a good, clever-hearted country fellow, like many of you, drove into town with his last bale of cotton on his wagon and sold it. His little boy had on cotton pants that struck him at the knee; he didn't have any coat. After he had sold the cotton he said to the little boy, "You hold the horses and I will be back in a little while." He went off to the

saloon, and after he had stayed an hour, the poor, pale little boy left in the wagon, shivering with cold, crawled down on his poor, feeble, benumbed limbs, went across to the saloon, went in, and up to his father, and said, "Father, please come on and let us go home; I am so cold out yonder." The father set down the glass of liquor, and lifting his strong right hand, struck the poor little fellow on the side of the head, knocking him against the wall with such force that he rebounded from the wall to the floor. The little fellow put his poor little hand to his head and went back to the wagon and crawled in, and some time later his father staggered out to the wagon, and he drove him home. The next morning when the man woke up his wife said, "Get up and go for the doctor; little Johnny has the highest kind of a fever, and the side of his face is all swollen, and since midnight he has been out of his head; get up and go for the doctor." The poor little fellow had never told on his father. He got up and went for the doctor, and the doctor came and examined the child, and said to the mother, "Both lungs are on fire with pneumonia, temperature one hundred and eight; he won't live to see the sun go down." The next morning that

man walked into the sitting-room and kneeled down by the corpse of his little boy, and fell on his face, and said, "Oh, my God, is there any mercy for a man that would treat his little boy as I have?"

When the whiskey drinker looks around him and sees that the stuff he is drinking made his neighbour murder his wife, another neighbour butcher his children, another kill his mother, another shoot down a friend, when he sees that the stuff he is drinking made other men do deeds like these, then he must be an infernal fool to pour the same stuff down his throat.

When I was in New Orleans, a poor woman—the papers were full of it—was living in a little shed-like home, trying to cook the little simple meal one day, and her little baby was playing in the front room, a poor little pale drunkard's child and as it was sitting there, the drunken father came in, and as he walked up to the child it shrank away and screamed, and he lifted his cruel rough shoe and kicked it, and its brains scattered over the floor. He turned and walked out to the saloon across the street. The mother came into the room after he had gone, and there was the little one lying with its brains over the floor. She knelt down

by it, pushed her arm under its little form, and went over to the saloon; just as she entered her husband was lifting a glass of liquor to his lips, and the blood gushed from his lungs and he fell dead. She rushed up to the counter, dashed her child on it, and said to the saloon-keeper, "Sir, you have murdered my husband and child, now please, sir, take a pistol and blow my brains out!"

You talk about licensing a thing like that. I would shoot my brains out before I would do it. You look out how you use the sacred ballot. A ballot has got a man behind it, and you have got to answer for it at the bar of God.

VI

GET THERE AND STAY THERE

THERE are two classes that ought to be especially interested in the subject under discussion. The Presbyterians and the Methodists. The Presbyterians ought to be specially interested in how to get there; they can beat the world staying there, but they are a little slow about getting there. The Methodists ought to be specially interested in how to stay there. They can beat the world getting there, but they are back again next morning before breakfast.

This phrase, "Get there," is peculiarly an American phrase. It was born in the last decade, amid the whistle of our engines, the rush of our commerce, and the click of our telegraph, and there is no phrase so expressive of the life and energy of our American people as the one we select for the subject of this lecture.

First, I might stand here and talk for the time allotted me, on how to get there

socially. But really, when we get into society, we have not gotten very far or very high. The dude and the dudine are the highest expression of nineteenth century social life, and after all a dude is nothing but society gone to seed. A father was one day walking down the streets of a city with his little son. They met a dude. The little fellow turned and looked up at his father, and said, "Papa, what was that?" The father answered, "It is a dude, son." The little fellow said, "Papa, who makes dudes?" The father answered, "God makes them, I suppose." "Well, then," said the little fellow, "God loves to have fun as well as the balance of us."

But God didn't any more make a dude than he made a drunkard or a liar or a gambler. It is a perversion of every God-given instinct in any man to turn out in either of these directions. I have seen social life in this great country from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the home of the millionaire in the East, to the wigwam of the Indian in the West; from the White House in Washington, to the humblest cabin in our Southland, and I deal candidly with this audience when I say that the finest type of social life on which my

eyes have ever looked is that plain, quiet country home, where a noble father, and a pious, painstaking mother, and the rosy-cheeked, vigorous boys and girls grow up. See them in all their life, so real and earnest; so helpful and kindly, each towards the other. See them as they gather morning, noon, and night at the hearty meal of the hour. See them when the day's work is done, and the early bed hour comes, and the old father gathers them around his hearthstone, and takes the Bible from the little table on which there sits the burning lamp. He reads aloud a chapter to his wife and children, and then they all kneel down in prayer and devotion to God. Look on that picture. I have thought I could see God's old family prayer elevator come down in the midst, and they all mount into it, and go above the stars and commune until they over-vaulted the very throne of God itself.

There they linger, a few moments, looking over the towering spires and jasper walls of the city of God. Then they all come back and retire for peaceful sleep, and next morning before the early breakfast is announced, the same group will gather, and the same God is worshipped.

I want to say to you, my neighbour, that it is out of homes like these that have come the grand men and women who have made the history of America worth writing in the past, and it is from homes like these whence shall come the noble men and women who will adorn all future pages of American history. The real home, the genuine home, where character is fostered and manhood is developed.

We can never lift this country up by putting the leverage under State Capitols or the National Capitol, but when we put the leverage under the homes of this country, then we reach altitudes that will make us honour God and make us the greatest nation on the face of the earth.

Again, I might stand here and talk indefinitely about how to get there financially. But the game isn't worth the candle, for we are all on a pilgrimage here, on a journey, and the less baggage we are hampered with on the way the better off we are. Shrouds have no pockets, and if you have pockets put in your shroud your arms will be so stiff you can't put your hands in them.

The difference between being rich and being poor is all incidental and not accidental. That philosopher is yet to be born

who can tell which is the best estate, to be hungry as a dog and have nothing to eat, or have the colic every day from eating too much. I believe I had rather have nothing than have the colic. That philosopher is yet to be born who can tell which is the best estate, to be a millionaire and roll all night on his downy bed and not sleep a wink, or be an old tramp on the roadside, snoring so you can hear him a hundred yards. The old tramp has got the drop on him for the time being.

The man who puts gold above God, chatters above character, and mammon above manhood, has inverted God's order of things, and his pathway will be downward instead of upward. Many men will save and skimp and skin to lay up money for their children. They rob themselves of every comfort, and the wife and mother knows no surcease from toil and labour, and frequently they lay down and die, and leave all their hard-earned money to their children, and the children, many times, buy a through ticket to hell with what is left them, and check their baggage through, and never get off the train until they land. If your boy is any account, he does not need your money.

Then again, I might stand here for the hour, and talk about how to get there politically. Really, if I wanted to ruin a man for both worlds, I would run him for office, and see that he was elected. You ask, "Can't a good man go into office?" Yes, and frequently they do, but who ever heard of a good man coming out of office? A clean hog will go into a mud hole, but just look at him come out. There is not a dirtier cesspool of corruption this side of perdition than politics in this country. A fellow some time ago asked me was I Democrat. I answered, "No." Then said he, "Are you a Republican?" I said, "No, thank God." Then, "Are you a Populist?" I replied, "No; are you a fool?" Then he said, "What are you, Jones?" I said, "I am a gentleman." I suppose most of you would feel a little awkward at the first trying to be a gentleman, but you would soon get around it, and like it. Men may talk about the principles of the grand old Democratic Party, and the principles of the grand old Republican Party, but I say to you, in the fear of God, that the highest patriotism and divinest principles that ever stirred the American heart are the patriotism and principles which honour a wife, shield a

mother, protect a daughter, and send the boys of this country home sober to their mothers. I am one American citizen who thinks more of the boys of his home, the happiness of his wife, and the sobriety of his boys, than he does of any political party that ever cracked a whip over a human slave. If this makes me a traitor, then brand me the biggest traitor in American history since Benedict Arnold.

I have but two planks in my political platform. I am for everything that is against whiskey, and against everything that is for whiskey. The curse of our politics is that men pray one way, and vote another. A man who prays that his country may be delivered from liquor and his boys from rum, and then gets off his knees and goes down to the polls and votes with these red-nose Democrats and Republicans, ought to come to church next Sunday, and sing, "Thank God, I am still on my journey home," with his index finger pointing downwards as he sings.

The liquor traffic of America has more influence with the Democratic and Republican parties than any other influence on earth has, and the man who does not know that fact hasn't sense enough to vote at all,

and if he knows it, and still votes with them, then it seems that he was either a hypocrite while he was praying or a hypocrite while he was voting.

We must locate the responsibility of this liquor traffic somewhere. No saloon-keeper is dirtier and meaner than his saloon. No saloon is lower down than the law that licenses it, and no law that licenses the saloon is dirtier than the Legislature that enacted it, and no Legislator can be lower down than the voters who put him in.

This problem, like all other problems in America, is square up against the people, and the people only. As for me, I am a consolidated, concentrated, eternal, uncompromising, every-day-in-the-week, stand-up-to-be-knocked-down Prohibitionist from head to foot.

That there are principles in both the Democratic and Republican parties that are wise and good, and will live forever, I won't deny, but I won't run with a gang that is dominated by the whiskey traffic, no matter how good they be nor how wise.

But I will not spend the time talking about how to get there, socially, financially, or politically, but will now take a broader

and better view of the subject. How to get there in genuine manhood and noble character.

Get the right sort of a fellow, get him in the right way, and then get a move on him, and he will get somewhere soon. The first spirit I would breathe into such a fellow, who really wants to go to the best destiny, would be the spirit of life. Give me a fellow with enterprise, and vim, and push, and go. Motive makes a man go, like steam makes an engine go. A man really needs but two motives. To illustrate what I mean. I was going down a country road in my buggy. My dog was following along. We passed a country home, and a dog jumped the fence and took after my dog. My dog cut one eye around and saw him coming, and decided on the spot. "The best thing I can do," it seemed to say, "is to move on." Daniel Webster never made a wiser decision or acted more promptly on it. He took off down the road in good style.

A little further along we passed another house, and the biggest dog in the county jumped the fence, and took after the middle dog. Now, sirs, of all the running I ever saw, that middle dog did it from right there on. And well he did, for he had more

reasons for humping himself than any dog I ever saw. First he wanted to get on ahead and catch the front dog and lick him. And in the second place, he knew if that behind dog caught him, he would clean him up. That middle dog had the double motive, and was doing the tallest running I ever saw a dog do.

Every man on earth has that double motive. The mark of the prize alluring him onward and upward, and the devil and all his angels pressing from the rear, and we all have motive enough to keep us moving a mile a minute down the pike.

All things may come to him who waits, but the fellow who has the move on him will get the prize far in advance of the one who is waiting. Not the fellow who stands around waiting for something to turn up, but the fellow who gets under it and turns it up. Not the man who waits for the iron to get hot, but the one who pitches in and pounds it till it is hot, and then shapes it as he wills. Not the fellow who stands on the banks of the river of decision and shivers and shudders and dreads, but the one who runs and leaps into the current and swims to the other shore. The man, who, if he cannot go over an ob-

stacle goes under, if he cannot go through he will go around.

If I had this spirit thoroughly infused into a fellow, the next spirit I would give him would be the spirit of courage. The man who sees clearly the right thing to do, and who has the courage to do it, and the sense that sees that it will pay to do it; this is the fellow that wins. A man with the moral courage to stand out against public opinion.

Moral courage is superior to physical courage. Many men will walk up to the blazing mouth of the cannon without a quiver of a muscle and afterwards cower, and wince, and whine in the presence of public opinion. And it is not the courage that tanks up on liquor and carries a pistol in the hip pocket, for I never see a cowardly dog with a pistol in his hip pocket that I don't warn him that that pistol will go off some day and blow his brains out.

To fight is the first thought of a bulldog, and the last retreat of a gentleman. I was asked some time ago if I would fight if a fellow hit me the first lick. I said, "I would if he hit me the second lick." The man said, "How is that?" "Well," said I, "when a man smites me on my right cheek,

and I turn my left, and he smites me on that, then I have no further instructions, and I will proceed to keep the flies off him till the procession moves on."

Not one man in a thousand is brave enough to do right when the tide sets the other way. It takes no courage to go with the crowd, but the man who is willing to stand alone in the right is the truly brave man.

Again I would infuse the spirit of honesty and fair dealing into a man whom I would get there. The world honours and gives the right of way to the honest man, for he is the noblest work of God. Not simply the man who will not steal, but the man who lives up to and will die by his convictions of right. Not simply the man who will pay his just debts, but the man who "swareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

Courage is an essential element in success. Reckless men rise, but they will fall down lower than they rose upwards.

Perseverance is another quality that I would give the man who would "get there and stay there." Many men have failed because they gave up too soon. Many men have had pursuit but not persistence. For

pursuit and persistence bring all possessions. It is the never-let-up lawyer, the stay-by-his-job workman, the faithful-unto-death fellow that gets there and stays there.

With these elements thoroughly infused into the man, and he is in the right way, and headed in the right direction, he is the man who will win.

When I see a young man choose the way of uprightness, sobriety, industry, and honesty, I need no tongue of prophecy to tell me he will go to a grand destiny. But the young man who chooses the way of the saloon, and the gambling hell, and the shameless houses, and indolence will hit the grit, and hit it hard, and hit it a thousand times. If the young men could see that the way of the transgressor is hard like the old man can see it, many of them would choose the better way. Then let them get a move on them.

I always like a fellow with go, and push, and vim. In Kentucky I have been asked to preach against the blooded horses, but I like them. I have said, I hated to see a fellow raise colts and sell them for \$50,000 apiece, and bring up boys that are not worth a dollar a head. I like the fast horses. Give me a horse like Lou Dillon,

that will trot a mile in two minutes. I tell you, to stand on the side of a race track and see half a dozen runners prancing for the start, then see them when the signal is given, as they leap and lunge and run, and then see them off on the home stretch, with nostrils distended and muscles swollen. See them again as they run neck to neck, and nose to nose, why, preacher that I am, I "go one eye" on that. But I have not seen a thoroughbred horse race in thirty years, and never expect to see another. Not that I don't like the thoroughbred horses, but I cannot stand the little scrubby men that stand around and bet on them. If you will breed up your folks as highly as the horses are bred, I will go to the race track, for the horses that are doing the running are thoroughbreds, and the little devils that are doing the betting are little scrubs. I always like to race. When I was a boy, there was not a boy in my town with legs three inches within the length of mine that could beat me running. If I wrestled with him it was every dog fall on his back in the sand. If he knocked a chip off my head I would crawl him in a minute, not that I was specially mad, but I always despised a dull time.

I was coming from St. Louis to Cincinnati sometime ago on the B. & O. Southwestern Limited train, and she was a hummer. Fourteen miles out of Cincinnati the Big Four Railroad, coming from Chicago, turns a curve, and runs parallel with the B. & O. into the city. Then as we ran up to that point, I looked over to my left and saw the Big Four passenger engine rounding the curve. She pulled her train of passengers in line with us. We ran almost a mile together. I could all but hold the hands of the man in the opposite car. Directly I began to feel racy, and you can feel it come on. I looked around and saw everybody else was feeling it, and then I saw the race was on.

We had a great ten-wheel Mogul Baldwin engine with twelve cars, counting the two Pullmans. They had a lighter Schenectady engine, with only six cars, counting their one Pullman. Their lighter engine with its shorter train, picked up its forces and ran for ten cars ahead. I said to myself, "Shucks, this ain't no race at all. They have beat us quick." But I could feel every pulsation of power as our grand old engine got down to her work with increasing momentum, at every round of her

wheels. Directly there was a little decline in the track. Our engine picked up her forces and ran down grade like a thing of life, and when we turned the grade the Big Four engine was right back at my side. I said, "We will beat them now. We have got them beat already." And I felt good all over, and all the passengers in our train seemed to feel that victory was ours. But as I sat by the window I saw the fireman of the Big Four engine scoop the coal into the furnace, and when he shut the furnace door I saw the engineer as he leaped from the cushioned seat by his reverse lever. I saw him shut off the cold water from his boiler. He took hold of the sand rod and shook it a time or two, and got hold of the lever and pulled the throttle wide open. The little engine seemed to lie down and roll over in the sand. And the sparks began to fly from their engine, and she forged ahead directly; she seemed to leap ahead a hundred yards. I said, "We are beat for good." But our old engine, with increasing momentum, was getting down to her work with mighty force. There came another decline in the track. She picked up her forces and shot down the hill like a streak of lightning, and just as we turned the grade,

the Big Four engine was back again at my side. I said, "Good-bye, boys, for good. We have beat you now." But I looked again, and saw that old fireman heaving the coal into the furnace, and when he shut the door he wrung the perspiration from his brow. The engineer, with a determined look in his eye, pulled the reverse lever up one notch, and then shook the sand rod a time or two, and pulled the throttle wide open, and the little engine waltzed around a lick or two, and then got up her speed and rushed right in and beat the race, and I said, "Go it, go it. I don't mind being beaten by a thing that can run like that." It was great.

But my mind looks outward and upward into the future, and some day I would love to stand on some hilltop of heaven and see every church of God like a mighty engine out on parallel tracks, loaded down with immortal men, pulling for the Pearly Gates. The old Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Cumberland, Lutheran, and Catholic engines, each trying to beat the other with their freighted tons. This will be a sight on which I would like to look.

The old Methodist engine, the Presbyterian engine, the Episcopal engine, the

Congregational engine, the Catholic engine, the Lutheran engine, and the Cumberland engine, with their freighted tons of immortal souls, each trying to beat the other to the Pearly Gates, and then look down on the river and see the old Baptists and Campbellites steamboats come down the river as fast as their machinery can move them. A sight like that would gladden the eye of angels and make all heaven rejoice.

